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Road to Romance

AS the cab stopped outside Magdalene Court, Nan jumped out and ran head down through the pouring rain. As she reached the steps an immense bulk suddenly loomed up, and an arm shot out and caught her. A deep voice said, "In a taxi, too! Have you come into a fortune, Nan?"

She looked up into a pair of laughing grey eyes, then broke into a laugh in a vain effort to still the beating of her heart.

"Why, hello, Stephen!"

"Did you have a good week-end, Nan?"

"Stephen, it was perfect," she said, her eyes shining. "Yesterday we walked six miles and there were only ourselves, the skylarks, and an old shepherd. And then to have to come back to this!" She laid her fingers on his sleeve. "Never mind, it's nice to be back to the flat and Joan—and you. Come up and have a sherry before dinner?"

"I'd love to, but I mustn't stay. Got to dine with an aunt," he said disconsolately. On the second floor they stopped outside a door with two nameplates beneath the bell: "Joan Dashwood." "Nan Munro."

She led the way into the living-room, and Joan promptly appeared. "Stephen, you beast, you've neglected us. You haven't been near us since Wednesday. The sherry's by the coal-scuttle."

He moved into the light, with the slight limp that had barred him from service in the Army, and Nan felt a quick pang as she saw the tired eyes and fidgeting, restless hands.

"If I could only take his head in my hands and smooth the tiredness

By G. MARCH

away," she thought. Aloud, she said, "You're working too hard, Stephen, walking the hospital wards all day, and then more work again when you get home."

The unusual warmth in her voice made him glance at her with a queer, puzzled expression that brought the color quickly to her cheeks. "You've got to be sensible, young woman," she said grimly to herself. "You're head over heels in love with Stephen, and he just doesn't think of you in that way."

She was glad of Joan's bright chattering, diverting Stephen's attention.

"I really must go, Nan," he said presently, looking at his wrist-watch. At the door he said suddenly, "Nan, there's something I want to tell you."

Her heart beat wildly as he began to talk in a quick, urgent voice. Then she realised that he was telling her that he was going away to Liverpool to open a poor people's clinic. As he couldn't get into the Army, he felt that at least this was real service.

"This is the end," Nan repeated mechanically to herself. She prayed that he wouldn't notice her face, but he seemed too taken up with his plans to notice her distress.

"Dad's not too pleased," he went on. "I'm afraid he wanted me to go into practice with him in Harley Street. But this is so much bigger. Nan, to have a clinic of my own for working people, to live and work among them." He paused, then said a little awkwardly, "I'm going to miss you, Nan. We've had fun together these last three months, and you've been very sweet; and Joan, too," he added, smiling.

"He thinks of me as he thinks of Joan," she decided bitterly. "A good friend—just that and no more."

"Well, you haven't said what you think about it all," he said expectantly.

If only she could keep him a little while. Suddenly she found herself asking him, in a thin, impersonal voice, "Don't you think you're rather rushing this thing, Stephen? Why not think it over for a bit? After all, it's a big thing you're going to do. It will mean giving up the life, the background you are used to, for one of dirt and squalor, a long fight, and perhaps at the end disillusion."

The eagerness went out of Stephen's voice. He said wearily, "Everyone said that, and now you, too, Nan. I had hoped that you would see just how much this thing means to me." He shrugged his shoulders, and as he held out his hand the old, rare smile came back. "I want to see a lot of you before I go. Is it a bargain?"

She tried to speak, but found she couldn't. She nodded obediently, and turned swiftly away.

Desperately in the last two weeks Nan hid the ache in her heart and strove to be the perfect companion. She sparkled with a hard brilliance, and marvelled at herself. Stephen was unusually quiet the last night, and Nan thought fiercely: "Perhaps he knows I love him, and it embarrasses him."

She turned and flashed a brilliant smile at him. "Let's drink to your new career!" she said, and toasted him, a devil of mischief in her eyes. His jaw tightened as he said quietly, "Nan, I don't believe you've got a heart."

Nan tried to answer, but the lump in her throat wouldn't let her, so she drained her glass and said brightly: "Let's go now, Stephen."

As he placed her wrap round her shoulders he said: "I'm not leaving until Tuesday evening. I'd like to call in just to say good-bye and thank you for everything, Nan."

Joan was still up when she reached the flat. As she sank into a chair by the fire, Nan laughed mirthlessly.

"It's awful when you love a man as I love Stephen and aren't allowed to tell him. To-night I've positively scintillated for him, and he told me I haven't a heart. What fools men are!" she said angrily. "He says he's coming here on Tuesday to say good-bye."

She added fiercely: "I shan't be here, Joan. I can't stand any more of it. I'm due for a week's leave from the office. Why should I have to suffer in this way?" She buried her face in her hands and said in a muffled voice: "I'm going to the country to stay with Daddy for a while."

Breakfast was just finished at Mole End, and Nan and her father sat by the window that overlooked the orchard. It was Nan's third day at Mole End, and she had told her father everything.

"So he doesn't love you, Nan!" he said. "Well, I'm going to ask you a question. What have you ever done to make him love you?"

Nan answered pitifully: "But Daddy, I couldn't throw myself in his arms. I couldn't say, 'Stephen, dear, I love you,' knowing that he doesn't love me?"

"Quite—and this is my point, Nan. You're so certain that he doesn't love you that you'd sooner die than he should guess you love him. And what happens? You've cultivated a hard brightness to cover the ache in your heart, and the real Nan, that we know, Stephen has never even seen. He may not love you, but supposing he does, what hope have you ever given him?"

HE stood up abruptly. "When we first met, your mother let me hope in the way that women do, subtly, mysteriously. Without that hope, do you think I could have asked her to marry me? To me, she seemed as inaccessible as the stars." His voice shook a little, then he straightened up, as a lad from the local Post Office appeared in the doorway with a letter for Nan.

"It's from Joan," she said in a colorless voice. Then as she read it, the words burned into her brain: "Stephen is still in London, and when I told him that you had gone into the country he said very quietly, 'I understand,' and walked away."

The local council who promised him a subsidy has backed out, and without them he can't go on. He seemed very dejected, and talked of going into practice with his father

Nan was filled with a fierce exultation as she realised that at last she could really help the man she loved. Her mind was made up; she would go back to London at once.

"Have you come into a fortune, Nan?" asked Stephen.

At Victoria, Nan jumped into a taxi. In twenty minutes she was at Stephen's house.

"May I speak to Mr. Stephen?" she asked the butler who opened the door. He ushered her into the library where Stephen turned in surprise.

"Nan!" he exclaimed. "But why are you here?"

There was a silence, then she said: "I had a letter from Joan this morning, and she said you were thinking of going into practice with your father and giving up the clinic."

He nodded. "That's right." "Well, you won't have to, Stephen," she said triumphantly, "because I'm going to lend you the money from a legacy my aunt left me."

For a moment he didn't answer, but stood looking at her with an odd expression. He moved a little towards her.

"There is another reason for my giving up the clinic, Nan."

"Yes?" she said incredulously.

"Yes," he echoed. "I've loved you now for a long time, Nan. You must have guessed it. But I loved you too much to ask you to share a life that you yourself said was dirt and squalor and perhaps at the end disillusion. Yet I wanted that life. But I want you more, my dear. I know that life without you can have no meaning."

Then with one stride he had taken her in his arms. She was quite still for a long time, then she spoke in a hushed voice. "I've loved you since the day we met, Stephen. I discouraged you from going north because I wanted to keep you here. I ran away because I couldn't face that last good-bye. Then Joan wrote and said you hadn't enough money to buy the clinic, so I came straight here to lend it to you. You must take it, Stephen dear. But there's one condition—you must take me, too."

"You mean you'll come north with me?" he said. "But what of the dirt and squalor you spoke of, and the disillusion at the end?"

Her arms went round his neck.

"I can't see it like that any more," she breathed. "I can only see our love, which will make it the road to romance and high adventure!"

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FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT, LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY



On the bridge they ran into the Captain, holding a gun in his hand.

DECEMBER 6TH

They had to thank a pair of boots for the biggest fight of their lives—and a holiday that took their breath away.

I KNOW you should not repeat rumors. But people do, and they generally start with the words I have just written, and then they go on, "but I think you ought to know this." I say the same. I know you should not repeat rumors, but I think you ought to know this.

I met them in a bar on Sixth Avenue; I think I noticed them before they noticed me, but there were several reasons why this should be so.

One of them was an English soldier, and the English service uniform is still sufficiently conspicuous in New York to attract attention, especially to my eye, which will never, I fear, grow used to its comfortable appearance—almost sloppiness—compared with the uniform of the last war. He was a gunner, as his cap badge showed, not too robust in appearance, and with the dark mobile face of the typical Cockney soldier.

His companion was an American sailor, so huge as to appear twice the size of the Englishman. They made an odd couple. Yet there was obviously a bond of affection between the two, a little touching in that Sixth Avenue bar. There were even moments when the attitude of the big American towards his lively companion reminded me of a man with a tame monkey.

I had observed them for some time before they noticed me. And the English soldier noticed me first, and the first thing he noticed about me was my shoes. He gave them a casual glance at first, and immediately a closer professional gaze, and then he looked up into my face.

"Englishman, sir?" he asked, and I nodded. "I thought so, sir. Hand-made on your own last. Three guineas before the war."

"That's right," I said. "Oh, gee," said the American, "what's this? Shoes again?"

"You shut up," said the Englishman. "If I didn't know about shoes, you wouldn't be in New York to-day drinking beer—at least, what you call beer in this country."

"Beer?" said the American. "I'll bet there isn't any better beer than this in Britain. No, sir."

"Don't pay no attention to him, sir," said the gunner. "You know, and I know, sir. But it's no good telling these Americans about beer. Collins is my name, sir. Royal Artillery. But in civil life I sold shoes at Meiklejohn's in Bond Street. You wasn't ever in there, sir, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "No; those are Barlow's, of course. Good firm, but not as good as mine. You ought to have come to us, sir."

"I will, after the war," I said. "Who's your friend?"

"In? I mean him? Lindstrom's his name."

I told them mine, and the American stood up and shook hands with me.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," he said. "I've read some of your books, I fancy."

That happens to me every now and again, even in a Sixth Avenue bar.

"Books?" said Collins. "You a writer, sir? I'm afraid I haven't read anything of yours, sir."

"Can you read?" said Lindstrom. The little Cockney turned on the big sailor.

"Better than you can in North Carolina," said Lindstrom patiently, with a grin at me.

"Same thing," said Collins, and I thought it well to interpose.

"What I want to know," I said, "is what you are doing in New York. What was that that you said about your knowledge of shoes bringing you here?"

"Well," began Collins, and he signalled to the bartender. More beer

was before us before I had time to attend to the matter myself. I felt guilty, because I know what an English private soldier's pay amounts to, but Collins reassured me, "That's all right, sir; we've got the money to spend. And that's because I know about shoes, too."

I looked, a little bewildered, from Collins to Lindstrom and back again. "That's the truth, sir. It was my knowledge of shoes that got us this leave in New York and the money to spend. My knowledge, with a little help from this big lout here."

"Let's have the details," I said. "It was in Colon, sir—that place at the end of the Panama Canal. Not the place you get the scent from, although I thought it was before I got there. You can buy eau-de-Cologne there, all right, but it's not, spelled the same."

"What on earth were you doing in Colon?" I asked. "Gunner, sir, in a freighter. When

By C. S. FORESTER

ships of ours went out through the canal they used to drop off us gunners there and we'd pick up another ship to come home in. 'Course, that was before America came in. December sixth, as a matter of fact, this was. The Pacific was safe, and there wasn't a lot of us seagoing gunners. Cristobal's in the Canal zone, and Colon's outside it in Panama."

I nodded. "And Colon's a lot livelier than Cristobal is, too. Well, I was in a bar with this boy in blue here, drinking beer, the same as we are now. And we were talking about how we were seeing the world, when in walks one of my push."

"You mean one of the crew that was on your ship?" I asked.

"No, another gunner, same as me. I didn't know him. He gave one look at me and sort of hesitated. Not that I noticed it at the time, but I remembered afterwards. But then he pulled himself together and sat down at a table the other side of the room and called for beer—they think it's beer, out there."

Lindstrom writhed restlessly, but forbore comment.

"We just went on talking, and then I found myself looking at that gunner's boots. It's a habit of mine, sir; I can't never get out of it. Well, those boots weren't never made in England. I looked and I looked, and I said to myself, 'Those boots were made in Germany, or my name's not William Collins.'"

"I looked at that gunner again, and I looked. There wasn't anything wrong with his uniform. That was quite all right. But those boots. Somehow I couldn't swallow them. So I says something about them to this man Lindstrom. It was only casual. It wasn't like asking him if he'd have another pint, but you should have seen what it did to him."

"He didn't see the importance of it, sir," explained Lindstrom, with a tolerant smile. "It's not his canal. And he's not a sailor. I've been taught about the canal ever since I joined."

"Well, what did you do?" I asked. "He sat up as if someone had pricked him with a pin," said Collins.

"He told me to keep my eye on the bloke, and out he went. He came back with the sweat just running off him. It's hot out there in Colon, sir."

"I'd been running," explained Lindstrom. "I'd a buddy I could ask about ships going through the canal. He told me it was all right—the guy was off the Duncansby Head, just come in and waiting to go through the canal."

"But he wasn't satisfied even then," said Collins.

"No, sir," agreed Lindstrom. "He asked me about those boots again, and we talked about them, and he was still fretting in case he was a spy, when the bloke puts an end to our argument by coming

over and sitting down at our table. He'd seen us looking at him and knew we were talking about him. 'Ave a drink,' he says, as pleasant as you please. So we has a drink, and we talks for a bit about this and that. He said, like Lindstrom here knew, that he was off the Duncansby Head."

"We'd had a scare as we came over because of a Nazi surface raider in the Atlantic, and I asked him if he had heard anything about her, and he said 'no,' and then we changed the subject. Schoolmaster, he said he was, in civil life. He talked classy, so it might be true, but I didn't like it, all the same. It wasn't quite right. I looked at Lindstrom and tried to tell him so without speaking about it, if you understand me, sir."

"And I saw what he was after," said Lindstrom. "I didn't like the guy any more than he did. And when he asked us to come back to his ship with him—"

"That was fishy, all right," interrupted Collins. "He said he'd got some Scotch, real Scotch, and he wanted us to have a drink. It was funny sitting there, the three of us. I knew he was a phony, all right, and so did Lindy, although we hadn't been able to say a word. And he knew we knew, and he wasn't saying a word either. If we didn't accept, but just let him go back to his ship, we wouldn't be doing our duty."

"That's right," said Lindstrom, "and if he once got us on board—"

Lindstrom made a gesture with a vast hand which hinted significantly at what he thought was likely to happen to them on board.

"He would shut our mouths, all right," said Collins.

"But we had to go along, all the same," remarked Lindstrom. "We just didn't have a chance to settle a thing. All we could do was go along with him like two hicks to a phony game."

"Talking pleasant, too," added Collins. "all the way, until we went up the gangway and found ourselves on board."

The ready flow of speech dried up at this stage and the two looked a little self-conscious.

Please turn to page 4



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"For heaven's sake," I said, "what happened when you got on board?"

It did not come out readily. The pair of them were absurdly self-conscious about it, both the slick little Cockney and the huge American. They looked like a couple of guilty schoolboys.

"Out with it," I said.

"There was an officer on deck when we came up the gangway," said Collins. "First mate—at least that's what you'd think from his uniform. He looked at the three of us pretty sharp as he saw us coming along. Bit startled, too. Funnest fix I've ever been in. The bloke who brought us wanted to tell the officer that he wanted our throats cut but, of course, he couldn't say so in front of us. And I knew Lindy here was all set to do something, but I didn't know what it was."

"And what was it?" I asked.

"We came together on the deck, the four of us, just below the bridge, and we sort of looked at one another, each of us waiting for the other one to speak. It was like what you see in the movies, where two cowboys are wondering who is going to reach for his gun first."

"And who did?" I prompted again.

"Nobody said nothing. The officer opened his mouth, but I never knew what he was going to say, because opening his mouth just pulled Lindy's trigger. You wouldn't think he could be so quick, seeing what a great big lump he is. He took our man by the back of the neck and he took the officer by the back of his neck, and he brought them together quick as lightning. I never saw him do it. What I did see was the two of them knocked out clean."

"Our little fellow was out cold, and the top of his head had hit the officer's face, so you can guess what the officer looked like. Or perhaps you can't, sir. Lindy just dropped 'em on the deck, and he starts for the bridge like the way a greyhound comes out of the trap at dog races."

We'd only just started when someone came out of the galley.

"He saw us running for the ladder and those two fellows lying on the deck, and he shouted out loud. Talking about it afterwards, I found out that what he shouted was 'Ach-tung!' Which is the German for 'Look out!' In case you don't know, sir, but I didn't know it at the time—I just heard a foreigner shouting."

"So, just as we were coming on the bridge, we met the captain coming out of the chartroom with a gun in his hand."

"We were nearly face to face when we met, and Lindy hit him—only just once. Cool! The captain's feet came up off the deck and he went over backwards, and the gun went through the air over the rail and fell into the bay. There was two more men coming out of the chartroom behind the captain, and they had guns, too, but things were still going on so quickly they didn't have a chance to use them. Lindy reached out and grabbed them both, and they all three jammed together in one tight lump in the chartroom doorway—you see how big Lindy is, sir. Then they came tumbling out on the bridge still locked together."

"They came twirling round by me, and as they twirled I saw a hand sticking out with a gun in it, and of course I grabbed. Phew! I nearly wished I hadn't; the thing went off. You know what those automatics are like, sir; the man who was holding it never thought to let go of the trigger, of course. There was bullets everywhere for a second or two. Don't know how they came to miss me. I didn't know what to do for a bit. But there were more people running up on to the bridge, and I knew I had to attract somebody's attention quick, or Lindy and me were goners. But there was the string you blow the whistle with. . . . What's the nautical name of it, Lindy?"

"Lanyard," said Lindstrom patiently.

December 6th

Continued from page 3

"Lanyard," said Collins; "so I went for that and I pulled it. Hard! Have you ever been on the bridge when the whistle's gone off, sir? It all but scared me out of my clothes—nearly dropped the blessed lanyard. I went on pulling and the whistle went on bellowing, and then I left off pulling steadily and blew off a whole lot of little toots, like the alarm signal when you sight a sub. What I wanted was for the people on shore to guess there was something wrong."

"They guessed, all right," grinned Lindstrom—"the Army and the Navy and the Coast Guard and the Customs."

"It wasn't long before they were there, either. They just came pouring on board, and they had everybody prisoner in two shakes of a duck's tail. They had us prisoner, too, until I explained. But after that it was all right. So you see how it was, sir."

"I don't see anything of the sort," I said. "I am still guessing. Who were these people on board the Duncansby Head?"

"Jerries, of course," said Collins airily. "Just Jerries."

"But—" I said.

Lindstrom interposed to explain. "She'd been captured by that surface raider out in the Atlantic," he said. "The first shot knocked her radio antenna down and she never had a chance to give warning. So there they had her, with papers and everything complete. All they had to do was to put explosives on board her and give her an English-speaking crew dressed up in the old uniforms. If you ask me, I guess German surface ships carry English-speaking seamen just for that purpose. She was outward-bound in ballast for Iquique for nitrate. No trouble at all to get her into the canal."

"But look here," I said. "What were they going to do in the canal?"

"Wreck it," answered Lindstrom simply.

"Wreck it?" I repeated. "Yes. Our Navy got a pretty good idea of what they had in mind when they went through the ship. They'd got a piece of the stern cut away just over the props, so that it would fall out when they were ready, and a couple of makeshift torpedo tubes mounted inside. And they'd got explosive charges in the bottom of her, too, so that they could blow the bottom out of the ship. As far as our people could make out, they were going to wait until they were passing out of the upper lock at Gatun."

"There they were going to blow the charges and sink the ship with the gate jammed open, and as they did that they were going to fire the torpedoes at the lower gate and blow that, too. It would have been a couple of months before they got anything along the canal after that."

"That would have been a nasty business," I said.

"It would," agreed Collins.

A further light was dawning on me as I thought over the story that I had just heard.

"When did you tell me that this happened?"

"December sixth," said the two of them simultaneously, grinning.

"The attack on Pearl Harbor came next day. They were meant to coincide?"

"I think it goes deeper than that," said Lindstrom. "I think it was the Germans capturing the Duncansby Head that set off the Pearl"

Animal Antics



"I'll have some of that roast leg of piano, please!"

Harbor attack. When they captured her and realised what they could do with her, it was an extra bribe to get the Japs to come in. We had a lot of our ships in the Atlantic then, you know, sir."

"Well, upon my soul!" I said. I could say nothing more until I thought I could see a flaw in their story. "But why did they let that man go ashore who was wearing the gunner's uniform?"

Lindstrom wagged his head with infinite wisdom.

"Our men aren't so dumb," he explained. "If a ship came into Limon Bay and nobody went ashore on the beach in Colon, we'd know something was up. They were quite right—the Germans, I mean."

"But his feet were too big," said Collins; "he couldn't wear the regulation boots. That's what gave him away and how we happen to be here, sir."

"I still don't see how you are," I said.

"Oh, they gave us leave," said Collins; "they brought us up before the American admiral and he asked us what we'd like."

"Well, when I volunteered for this seagoing job, it was because I wanted to see New York and I made five voyages and never got there. And Lindy here, he'd joined the Navy to see the world, but they didn't include New York in the world either. So we asked for a week's leave each and passage to New York."

"And what did he say?"

"He laughed. He gave Lindy leave like a shot. But after he had got leave for me, he told me we wouldn't do it again for anybody. Not for anyone in the British service. It took five cables to London to get the War Office to understand that an American admiral was troubling himself to get leave for an English Tommy."

"And that's not all," added Lindstrom. "He said we had to have money if we had a week in New York. And after that experience he wouldn't try to get us any extra—not even from Washington, and especially not from London."

"He gave us a hundred dollars each, and that was Secret Service money. It's Secret Service money that we're drinking now."

"I didn't think it tasted like beer," said Collins.

Well, that is what they told me. I know you should not repeat rumors, but I think you ought to know this. (Copyright)

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Agreeing to take RONNIE and SHEILA CAVANAGH back with him Howard adds to his little band, as he progresses slowly onward, LA PETITE ROSE, from Dijon; PIERRE, whose parents are killed on the road in an air raid; and WILLEM, a little Dutch boy who had been abandoned.

By the time they reach Chartres, France has fallen and the Germans are hunting out Englishmen. Howard seeks help from Colonel Rougeron, whom he and John had met during a holiday at Cidoton with his wife and daughter, NICOLE. The colonel is away with his regiment, but Nicole insists on joining Howard, planning to take him to JEAN HENRI GUINEVEC, a fisherman, who may smuggle him and the children across to England.

Passing the night in a cinema which has been turned into a refugee shelter, Nicole surprises the old man by telling him that John's squadron wrote and told her of his death.

Now read on—

HOWARD glanced towards the girl. "You knew my son as well as that, mademoiselle?" he said. "I did not know."

In turn, Nicole felt the urge to talk. "We used to write," she said. She went on quickly. "Ever since Cidoton we used to write, almost each week. And we met once, in Paris—just before the war. In June, that was."

She paused, and then said quietly, "Almost a year ago to-day."

The old man said, "My dear, I never knew anything about this at all."

"No," she said. "Nor did I tell my parents."

There was a silence while he tried to collect his thoughts and readjust his outlook. "You said they wrote to you," he said at last. "But how did they know your address?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He would have made arrangements," she said. "He was very kind, monsieur, very, very kind. And we were great friends . . ."

He said quietly, "You must have thought me very different, mademoiselle. Very rude. But I assure you, I knew nothing about this. Nothing at all."

There was a little pause.

"May I ask one question?" he said presently.

"But yes, Monsieur Howard."

He stared ahead of him awkwardly. "Your mother told me that you had had trouble," he said. "That there had been a young man—who was dead. No doubt, that was somebody else?"

"There was nobody else," she said quietly. "Nobody but John."

"May I ask one more question?"

She faced him. "Yes, monsieur."

"You have been very good to me," he said quietly. "I think I understand now. That was because of John?"

There was a long silence. She stood looking out across the room, motionless. "No," she said at last. "That was because of the children."

He said nothing, not quite understanding what she meant.

"I did not think there could be anyone so kind and brave as John," she said. "But I was wrong, monsieur. There was another one. There was his father."

She turned away. "So," she said, "we must sleep." She settled down upon her own bed on the other side of the children.

Howard lay awake, his mind in a tumult. He felt that he had known that there had been something between this girl and John, yet that knowledge had not reached the surface of his mind.

How close had their friendship been, then? They had written freely to each other; on top of that it seemed that they had met in Paris just before the war. No breath of that had reached him previously. But thinking back, he could remember now that there had been a space of two week-ends in June when he had seen nothing of the boy.

He had assumed that duties with the squadron had prevented him from coming over to see him, or even

from ringing up. Was that the time? It must have been.

He lay awake for several hours. Presently, after a long time, he slept.

They left the Cinema du Monde early next morning, and, pushing the pram before them, made their way towards the railway station. It was only when the train was well upon the way that Howard discovered that la petite Rose was nursing a very dirty black-and-white kitten.

Nicole was at first inclined to be sharp with her. "We do not want a little cat," she said to Rose. "You must put him out at the next station."

The corners of the little girl's mouth drooped, and she clutched the kitten tighter.

Howard said placidly, "It is a very little thing, mademoiselle. It won't add to our difficulties, but it will give them a good deal of pleasure."

Indeed, what he said was perfectly correct. The children were clustered round intent upon the kitten, which was washing its face upon Rose's lap. Willem turned to Nicole, beaming, and said something unintelligible to her. Then he turned back, watching the kitten again, entranced.

Nicole said in a resigned tone, "As you wish. In England, does one pick up cats and take them away like that?"

He smiled. "No, mademoiselle," he said. "In England only the kind of person who sleeps on straw mattresses in cinemas does that sort of thing. The very lowest type of all."

All day the train ground slowly on in the hot sun. On all the station platforms German soldiers were much in evidence, but at the wayside halts they did not seem to worry about passengers leaving the station.

By NEVIL SHUTE

Nicole drew Howard's attention to this feature. "It is good, that," she said. "At Landerneau it may be possible to go through without questioning."

He said, "Where are we going to-night, mademoiselle? I am entirely in your hands."

She said, "There is a farm, out from Landerneau, to the south. Madame Guinevec, wife of Jean Henri—that was her home before she married. I have been there with my father, at the time of the horse fair, the fete, at Landerneau."

"I see," he said. "What is the name of the people at the farm?"

"Arvers," she said. "Aristide Arvers is the father of Marie, Jean Henri's wife. They are in good circumstances, you understand. Aristide is a careful man, my father used to say. He breeds horses a little, too, for our army."

It was four o'clock when the train pulled into the little station of Landerneau. There was no guard at the gate, and they passed through into the town, and out into the country beyond. The road was very empty and they struggled all over it at will. It led up on to the open wold.



Presently Nicole pointed ahead of them. "That is the place—among those trees."

They went up to a house that stood beside the entrance, in the manner of a lodge; here Nicole inquired for M. Arvers. They were directed to the stables; leaving the children with the pram at the gate, they went forward together.

They met their man half-way. Aristide Arvers was a small man of fifty-five or so, thin, with sharp features and a shrewd look.

Nicole said, "Monsieur Arvers, do you remember me? You were so kind as to invite me here one day, with my father, Colonel Rougeron. You showed my father around your stables. After that you entertained us in your house."

He nodded. "I remember that very well, mademoiselle. M. le Colonel was very interested in my horses for the army, being himself an artillery officer, if I remember right." He hesitated.

"I hope you have good news of M. le Colonel?"

She said, "We have had no news for three months, when he was at Metz."

"I am desolated, mademoiselle." She nodded, having nothing much to say to that, then asked, "May we, perhaps, go to your office?"

"But certainly."

He turned, and led them to the house, to a littered, dusty office. He closed the door behind them, and gave them rickety chairs.

Nicole said, "I will come directly to the point, Monsieur Arvers. Monsieur Howard is a very old friend of my family. He is travelling with several children, and he is trying to return to England in spite of the Germans. My mother and I have talked about this, in the absence of my father, and it seemed to us that Jean Henri could help, perhaps, with one of his boats. Or, if that was impossible, Jean Henri might know some friend who would help. There is money enough to pay for any services."

The man said nothing for a time. At last, "The Germans are not to be trifled with," he said.

Without any hesitation the boy answered, "I want to kill Germans."

Howard said, "We appreciate that, monsieur. We do not wish that anyone should run into trouble upon our behalf. That is why mademoiselle has come to talk to you before going to your son-in-law."

The Frenchman smiled. "You are very anxious to return to England?"

The old man said, "For myself, not so very anxious. I should be quite happy to live in France for a time. But I have children in my care, you understand . . ."

It took nearly twenty minutes to elucidate the story. At last the Frenchman said, "These other children, the little one called Pierre and the little Dutchman. What is going to become of them when they reach England?"

Howard said, "I have a daughter, married, in America. She is in easy circumstances. She would make a home for those two in her house on Long Island till the war is over and we can trace their relations. They would be very happy there."

The man stared at him keenly. "In America? That I can well believe. You will send them over the Atlantic to your daughter? Will she be good to them—children that she has never seen? Unknown, foreign children?"

The old man said, "My daughter has one child of her own, and now hopes for another. She is very fond of all children. They will be safe with her."

Arvers got up suddenly from the desk. "It is impossible," he said. "If Jean Henri should put his hand to this he would be in great danger. The Germans would shoot him, beyond all doubt. You have no right to suggest such a thing." He paused, and then he said, "I have my daughter to consider."

There was a long, slow pause. At last the old man turned to Nicole. "That's the end of that," he said. He smiled at Arvers. "I understand perfectly," he said. "In your place, thinking of my daughter, I should say the same."

Please turn to page 14

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS WITH

CUTEX

SALON POLISH

Specially prepared for longer wear

TRIAL SIZE - 1/2oz
REGULAR SIZE - 2oz

HELLO, BRAZIL!

It was a super film ... starring a glamorous redhead, and just about as harmless as dynamite.



Sue stared fascinated as Mr. Swinney proceeded to deal with the Nazi agent.

MR. AUGUSTUS A. SWINNEY, refrigeration expert for a company of meat packers, was coming up from Sao Paulo to Rio de Janeiro on business.

As his train approached the city he applied himself with interest to the columns of "A Noite," one of Rio's most informative newspapers. It teemed with the life of the nation and the city, and having read it, Mr. Swinney no longer felt that he was coming into a strange metropolis.

He knew, for instance, that Rio awaited the gala opening at Cine-landia, the next night, of Hollywood's latest goodwill gesture, an opus from the studios of Superior Pictures called, "Hello, Brazil," and that Anita Lee Belle, the glamorous star of the picture was en route to Rio by air to be present at the ceremony.

His satisfaction grew at the story concerning the apparent success of the American Air Mission headed by Colonel Arthur McClelland, which had been in Rio de Janeiro a little over a week, negotiating for air bases. Senhor Gilberto da Veiras, the Assistant-Secretary of the Foreign Office, was apparently the man who could grant or deny bases with the backing of the President and da Veiras, it seemed, approved of Colonel McClelland.

Mr. Swinney thought with a glow of pride that Colonel McClelland must be a capital fellow to have brought his mission thus far. He smiled, folding his paper as the train wound its way onward.

The terrace of the Copacabana Palace Hotel was dazzling with well-dressed European refugees. Mr. Swinney sat comfortably in a wicker chair looking out at the surf crashing on the beach.

A dapper little man hurrying past glanced at Mr. Swinney, paused, then came rushing over.

"Swinney! Say, it's great to see you. Remember me? Ted Warren. We met on a boat. Like to buy you a drink." He dropped into a chair alongside Mr. Swinney. "You order it. This spiggoty language stops me cold. I keep putting an 'o' on the end of everything, but they don't seem to get it. Scotch with plain water—that's clear enough, isn't it?"

With a mild shudder, Mr. Swinney ordered the drinks, and then Warren was firing staccato sentences at him again.

"Say, are you lucky to be here! We're opening 'Hello, Brazil' at the Cine-landia to-morrow night. Superior Pictures. Big doings. It's a killeroo. In technicolor. They're gonna go nuts over it. You know, 'good-neighbor' stuff. I'm out in front for it. Listen, do you want to hear a castaroo?"

He marked them on his fingers: "Anita Lee Belle, but gorgeous; Harold Hame—makes with the eyelashes; Mercedes and Fat Frankie Palstave. All-Star. Why, when Frankie gives them the burpoo they're gonna roll right out of the balconies."

"And listen. You want to know the topper? Your Uncle Ted got 'em to send down Anita Lee Belle. Had a tough time prying her loose from that flier guy she's gonna marry, but I gave her the old 'four-country-needs-you' stuff. The kid learned a speech to make 'em in Spanish. Is that gonna slaughter 'em?"

Mr. Swinney's mind reeled under the impact of the images sent charging through it. He was seeing, for instance, a color page of a picture magazine he had read recently, celebrating the fact that in

her next film glamorous star Anita Lee Belle would have red hair.

The photograph showed her, red hair and all, in an upside-down picture, her face so plastered with make-up that it looked like nothing human.

Superimposed on this was the memory of a horrible time in Santiago, where he had been trapped in a movie theatre with a business client and for an hour had been exposed to the comedy of one Fat Frankie Palstave, an obese comedian whose sole key to humor appeared to be a kind of afflicting hiccup.

"I'm afraid the speech won't go very well if it's in Spanish," Mr. Swinney suggested. "You see, the language of Brazil happens to be Portuguese."

"**YEAH?**" Warren looked slightly baffled. "Oh, well, it all sounds alike. They'll get it. Say, listen. How would you like a little preview? I gotta run it for a couple of guys in the morning."

Mr. Swinney said, "Thanks, but I've got to go to work."

"Okay, okay! Just thought maybe you'd like to take a peekaroo. I'm screening it at ten for a little guy who gave me a lift getting the print through Customs."

Mr. Swinney murmured politely. It was all Warren needed.

"Brought the print down myself, you know. Not taking any chances with that one. Well, I could have been in a jam. Customs were going to keep it in bond for a week. So then this little guy Adolfo shows up out of nowhere, spiggoties to these guys in their language, and in ten minutes I'm out with the film."

Warren paused to fish out his wallet. "He gave me his ticket." He handed a card to Swinney who read it carelessly: Adolfo Hinze.

The carelessness went out of Mr. Swinney's demeanor. "A German, eh?" he said.

Warren looked startled. "Who, the little guy? From the way he could spiggoty, I thought he was a native."

"Take away the 'o,'" said Mr. Swinney, "and it's Adolfo Hinze. Probably born here. You say you're going to run the picture for him?"

"Well, he said he and his boss would like to see it. Least I could do, after he helped me out."

"Who is his boss?"

"He didn't say. He runs a tourist office."

"Do you know," said Mr. Swinney, "I can probably postpone what I was going to do in the morning. I think maybe I'd enjoy seeing the picture."

They met in the lobby at nine-thirty the next day. At Warren's side was a galvanised-iron box a little over two feet in height with an iron handle. It was locked with a heavy padlock. On one side in black letters was painted: "Hello, Brazil."

The Press agent said with pride, "Here she is. I never let it out of my sight."

In the projection booth of the Cine-landia Theatre, while the alert Brazilian projectionist watched him, Warren unlocked the padlock and opened the box. Eight reels of film reposed therein.

Warren said to the projectionist, "Hey, attention, chum! Careful-o, get it? No other prints in country."

The projectionist shrugged. Warren looked helplessly at Mr. Swinney, who thereupon translated into Portuguese.

They went out into the balcony where sat two most unpleasant-looking men. One was small, and pasty-white. He was introduced as Senhor Adolfo Hinze. The other was a wheezy individual who was as broad, pudgy and pink as Hinze was pale and narrow. He was introduced as Dr. Emilio Schluthner, head of a tourist bureau.

The lights went out. Music blared from the screen. And one hour later Mr. Swinney found himself watching with cold, clammy horror clutching at his heart. He knew now why the Nazi gentleman had been so solicitous about seeing the picture through the customs. It was probably on orders from brethren in the United States.

He also knew that the United States was not going to get the Brazilian bases. Not if Senhor da Veiras or any other responsible Brazilian laid his eyes upon "Hello, Brazil."

The picture ended. The lights went up. Dr. Schluthner was rubbing his hands. He said "Famos!"

Mr. Swinney said: "Warren. I want to talk to you," and led the Press agent to one side of the vast, empty balcony. There he explained exactly what would happen if that picture were shown.

As he spoke he became conscious that, far from understanding, Warren was staring at him with distaste.

"Are you off your topper?" he protested. "They're gonna love that picture."

A wheezy voice at his elbow said: "Ach, Mr. Warren."

Warren said, "Sure, sure, doc; be right with you." Then, to Mr. Swinney, he snapped sharply,



By PAUL GALlico

"Maybe you'd better stick to your engineering, Swinney." He walked away with the fat doctor.

Mr. Swinney could hear the iron box scraping on the projection-room floor and the clatter of the reels being put into it. A hard gurge of anger rose. Somebody had to have some sense! He knocked at the projection-room door.

When the projectionist opened it, Mr. Swinney said rapidly in Portuguese: "Senhor Warren wants me to take the film to him."

The projectionist recognised him with a smile. "Bem. It is ready. But wait. I take good care for the safety." Before Mr. Swinney could stop him, he snatched the padlock and slid the can across the floor.

Mr. Swinney picked it up. It was heavy and awkward to carry. He saw Warren and Schluter still talking, their backs to him. It was an unexpected break. Once he was down the stairs.

He gained the exit from the balcony. Someone seized his arm. "Hoi! Where you go wis zat?" It was Hinz.

Mr. Swinney flung him off violently and Hinz started shouting: "Help. Tiefs. Robbers."

Recklessly Mr. Swinney charged down the stairs, and out the door to the street, just as Providence sent an ancient touring-car taxi to the kerb.

Mr. Swinney ripped open the door, heaved in the box and himself after it, shouting, "Copacabana Hotel! Depress! Depress!"

He had gained a momentary lead, but by the time he reached the hotel the hunt was well up, and Hinz, Schluter, Warren, and two police were hot on his trail.

Mr. Swinney charged through the lobby, up a flight of stairs, and down a corridor. But here luck deserted him. The end of this corridor was a blind alley. He was trapped! And then Mr. Swinney saw what appeared to be a slim lad, half-way down the corridor to the right, one of the room doors stood slightly ajar. In an instant Mr. Swinney was inside.

He heard the trampling footsteps approach down the corridor and come to a halt. For the moment he was safe. Then a cool but interested feminine voice behind him said, "Well?"

Mr. Swinney turned and saw a slender girl sitting at a dressing table.

Why Mr. Swinney then said what he did, he would never know to his dying day. But the question came out in a hoarse whisper: "Do you love your country?"

The girl studied Mr. Swinney. "You bet I do!" she replied.

Mr. Swinney breathed a sigh of

relief. He said, "Then you'll help me? I—I've got dynamite here." For the first time the girl showed a vestige of alarm.

"No, no," corrected Mr. Swinney hastily. "Not that kind. It's a picture, a movie, all about a red-haired idiot girl—I mean she acts like an idiot—who gets chased by Brazilian villains."

Mr. Swinney felt that more explanations were necessary. Rapidly he sketched what had happened.

As he finished they heard the pursuit tramping the hall, knocking on doors.

The girl crossed to a huge maple wardrobe and opened the door. She motioned Mr. Swinney into it.

Mr. Swinney could only hear faintly the murmur of voices at the door. What a brick that girl was! No hysterics. No fuss. A moment later she opened the door of the closet. She was smiling as she said, "I got rid of them. All right, Mr.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"May I show you something in a uniform?"
"Please—something about six feet tall with curly hair."

G-man. Now tell me the real low-down."

Mr. Swinney said, "Well, first of all, I—er am not a G-man, Miss Sue."

"Sue—Sue Donlin. I'm down here visiting—my aunt."

"Swinney is my name, Augustus A. Swinney."

The girl made a little grimace. "Augustus? I can't call you that—or Gus. I'll call you Swinney. You're not a G-man. Then what are you?"

It was becoming more and more difficult for Mr. Swinney to explain. "Well, actually, I'm a refrigeration engineer. But when I thought about that red-haired dumb-bell Anita Lee Belle arriving here to-night, and making a speech to them in Spanish! And then that picture unrolling with da Veiras—he's the Assistant Foreign Secretary—and a lot of other important Brazilians in the audience . . . Well, what could I do?"

She asked, "Is she really so terrible? The girl, I mean."

"Awful! But that isn't the worst. It's that fat, disgusting comedian. You see, these are really a great people, these Brazilians. They have dignity. You can't do that to them and ask for bases." The girl didn't say anything. "Well," said Mr. Swinney, "I guess I'd better be going."

Sue said, "Don't be silly, Swinney. You'll walk right into their arms. We've got to think of something better."

The lobby of the Copacabana Palace Hotel had its usual population of passing tourists. It also had two very efficient-looking police officers. They were looking for a dishevelled American named Augustus A. Swinney, who would have in his possession a galvanised iron box with "Hello, Brazil!" painted on it.

Thus they paid no particular attention to a noisy American couple—a tall, well-groomed man and a giggling girl under a floppy hat—walking through the lobby.

The man was carrying a large hatbox in a canvas cover that had the initials "S.D." on one side and many travel labels on the other. He

carried a wrap over his arm and another suitcase, while the girl had a handbag and a small case. She was twittering like a sidewalk sparrow.

"Oh, Bob, I'm simply thrilled! Two whole days to ourselves. I just can't wait."

The porter looked up from his desk and said, "The car is waiting, Senhorita."

The man walked on, the girl after him. A touring car pulled up to the door. They got in. Mr. Swinney said, "Towards the city." The car turned left.

Sue squeezed Mr. Swinney's arm and said, "We did it! It worked . . . Oh, dear!"

As soon as Mr. Swinney saw the dingy Estrella Hotel he said, "That's the place. Nobody would look for us there."

They registered as Senhor y Senhora Barbosa Carvalho, and were given a room on the first floor.

Sue flopped on a chair and said, "What's going to happen now, Swinney?"

"We'd better keep hid until morning. Sorry to have got you into this."

"It's as you say, G-man," Sue replied gaily. "I'm for a bit of sleep," and pulled her coat round her.

A little after eight o'clock Mr. Swinney slipped out of the room and went downstairs. He wanted a newspaper.

He had to walk three blocks before he found a news stand, where he bought a copy of "O Globo." He scanned it as he hurried back to the Estrella, reading the big black headline: "Fantastic Film Robbery." It was bad. "Mad theft of Hollywood picture by American." And there was his name, Augustus A. Swinney. He also read that Colonel Arthur McClelland, head of the American Aviation Mission, who was residing at the Copacabana Palace Hotel, was to be tendered a luncheon that afternoon by Assistant Foreign Secretary Gilberto da Veiras.

Mr. Swinney entered the Estrella and went upstairs. As he reached the door to the room he heard voices, and then a muffled scream. That was Sue! Mr. Swinney went through the door—and quickly.

A narrow-chested creature in a dirty white suit was trying to yank the box of film out of Sue's grasp, chanting, "Got I haff it. You gif it to me, order."

Mr. Swinney's left arm went about Hinz's neck and his hand over his mouth. Sue stared fascinated.

Mr. Swinney's fist descended on the side of Hinz's jaw with a loud thwack! The Nazi fell to the floor.

They trussed him with strips of the bedspread, gagging him with a piece of the same material. They rolled him under the bed. Then they looked at each other.

"What are we to do?" asked Sue. Mr. Swinney's eye caught the copy of "O Globo" on the floor. He punched his fist into his hand.

Sue said, "What have you thought of?"

He said, "The first sensible thing since I've come to this city. I'm going to telephone Colonel McClelland."

Sue said sharply, "Swinney! Don't do that." But Mr. Swinney didn't hear.

He went to the wall telephone, placed a call to the Copacabana Palace Hotel, and asked for Colonel Arthur McClelland.

He said into the telephone: "Colonel McClelland? . . . This is Swinney speaking, Augustus A. Swinney. . . I beg your pardon? Well, in a way you do know me. I'm the man who stole the film yesterday . . . No, sir, I'm not mad, and I don't want to give myself up . . . No. No. Wait."

"Do you know what is in that picture I stole? Has anyone in Washington seen it? I saw it yesterday morning. Did you ever hear of a comedian by the name of Falstave—Pat Frankie Falstave?"

I agree with you that he's revolting, sir. In this picture he plays an Assistant Foreign Secretary of Brazil, and—"

Even Sue could hear the blast of the "What?" that exploded from the phone.

Mr. Swinney went on, "I could tell you more if you came here."

Yes. In the Hotel Estrella. Under the name of Barbosa Carvalho. He hung up the receiver and said, "He's coming right over."

Sue said, "Oh, dear!" and began to cry. Mr. Swinney stared at her, uncomprehending.

Watching at the window, Mr. Swinney saw an official car of the Brazilian Foreign Ministry draw up

in front of the hotel and discharge a tall, slender man in the uniform of the Army Air Corps. He hurried into the hotel. A moment later he was knocking on the door.

Mr. Swinney said, "This is Miss Sue Donlin, Colonel McClelland. If it hadn't been for her, I couldn't have—"

The colonel came into the room. There was a curiously grim expression about his mouth. He said, "How do you do, Miss Donlin?" He paused. Then, to Mr. Swinney's astonishment, he continued, "How is Captain Waycombe?"

There was a desperate look on Sue's face. "I—she began, and broke off.

The colonel turned to Mr. Swinney and said, "If this is a hoax—"

She burst out, "It isn't! It's true!"

Mr. Swinney stripped off the canvas hatbox cover. "There it is."

He told the story of what had happened. He went into fervent details concerning the picture, and its insulting caricature of the Brazilian people. "Every Nazi agent in Rio has been breaking his neck to see that that picture gets on the screen," he said. "Oh, excuse me, I forgot. Here's one of them." He rolled the bed away. Hinz apparently was still out. "I had to hit him."

The mask faded from the colonel's face. He said, "I don't know you, Mr. Swinney, but I'm beginning to wish we had more like you." He turned to Sue. "I have an idea Captain Waycombe is going to be rather proud of you. I—I want to apologise."

Sue said nothing, but threw a quick glance at Mr. Swinney.

The colonel picked up the box and said, "Let's go!"

Mr. Swinney said, "What about Hinz?" Sue said, "Oh, let him sleep. He was up late last night, probably."

They went downstairs and got into the official car. Colonel McClelland spoke to the driver, and they moved off rapidly, and drove up to Aeroporto Santos Dumont.

The gate was opened. They drove out on the concrete runway, and came to a tan-colored twin-motored bomber with the Army star on its wings. A flight-sergeant stood by the ship.

The colonel said, "This is Sergeant Duffy. Is she hot, sergeant?"

The sergeant saluted. "Yes, sir."

"Let's go!" said the colonel. They got in. He took the controls and zoomed the big ship off the concrete, hurried it into the blue Brazilian sky, and circled the airport twice before handing it over

to Sergeant Duffy. Then he came back to Mr. Swinney and Sue.

He fastened back the door of the bomber, hooked a safety strap across it, took the box and set it down in the doorway on the edge of nothing. "Go ahead," he shouted to Sue, over the thunder of the engines. "I think you'd like to."

"Oh, thank you. I would." Sue put her foot against the edge of the box. Mr. Swinney put his arms around her waist to hold her. The colonel counted, "One—two—three!"

Sue's voice had a wonderful ringing quality, as she cried, "You would make me wear a red wig!" and pushed hard with her leg. Slowly the box toppled forward. A tiny speck plunged downward. The smooth water below erupted a feather of white.

But at that moment Mr. Augustus A. Swinney was not thinking of triumph or of bases. He was thinking of: "You would make me wear a red wig!"

Two and two suddenly made four inside Mr. Swinney's skull. He groaned, "Anita Lee Belle!"

Sue was still pinioned inside his paralysed arms, but she managed to turn her head. "Don't be angry, Swinney."

Mr. Swinney managed to stammer, "B—but you look so different. And the name! And Warren and the papers said you weren't coming until—"

Sue looked contrite. She said, "I guess I'm an ugly brute until the make-up man gets through with me. Donlin's really my name. And I was here all the time. But nobody knew me. I was going to go to the airport to make-up there and then have pictures taken getting out of the plane."

Mr. Swinney said, "You really hated the picture, didn't you?" There was a tinge of disappointment in his voice.

"Yes, I did. But I meant what I said, Swinney, about—about my country. And I was thinking of—Bill."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Swinney, feeling a little empty. "Bill?"

Sue's eyes glowed. "I wasn't ever really afraid, except because of Bill—Captain Waycombe. I love him, Swinney. I didn't want anything to happen that might hurt him. We're going to be married when I get back. He's in the Air Corps. It—it was you who made me realise he might need those bases some time."

The emptiness went from Mr. Swinney. Something warm replaced it. He loved Sue very much, and Captain Waycombe, too. In their youth and courage lay the backbone of Mr. Swinney's country.

(Copyright)



Mary Smith has the right idea

Let Mary Smith speak for herself in a letter she wrote to a suburban bank.

"Ever since Mr. Curtin told us our duty to Australia's war effort, our family has been saving every shilling it can. We've made up our minds that while our boys are giving their lives for Australia, the very least we can do is to back them up in the best way we can and lend our savings to the Government. Now I'm proud to be able to send the first ten pounds as a deposit on £100 worth of Austerity Loan Bonds."

Mary Smith.

...that's an Example for YOU!

SAVE AND INVEST IN THE AUSTERITY LOAN

AL79-27

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Pains in Back, Nervousness, Headaches, Circles under Eyes, Leg Pains, Poor Appetite and Energy, Puffy Ankles, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and wastes are impairing the vital functioning process of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicines can't help much and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex, which starts benefit in 2 hours and is offered on generous terms. No Resists—No Pay. Cystex—the doctor's prescription—is approved by doctors and chemists in 15 countries, and over 10,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles.

ONE-TIME SUFFERERS PRAISE THIS MEDICINE

Mr. H.T. Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Mrs. M.L.Z. Thompson, Dalrymple, Brisbane, writes: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles, although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways
Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids. Kills the germs which are infecting kidneys, bladder and urinary system. Helps nature to strengthen and reinvigorate kidneys and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours, or your money back. If you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED** **Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

Made over to look like new

● Youthful and ultra-gay little jumper suit made from a couple of last year's frocks. The slim sweater-top is kindled with a tiny collar and pocket edgings in the same material as the skirt.

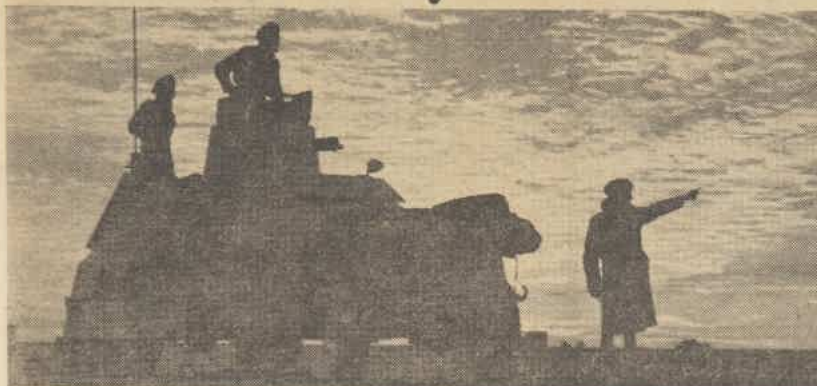


● This attractive, lapelled version of the charming pinafore frock was actually made out of a very full blue linen evening skirt, and leagued with a simple white cotton blouse.

● Here is an engaging backless sun-dress that goes to town looking very tailored and important when you add a casual little jacket, hat, gloves, and bag.

● A bright way to make that material eke out, or a clever trick to team two old frocks. The slender-fitting bodice is done in a contrasting material which definitely adds chic.

First full story of A.I.F. in great desert victory



SILHOUETTED against the dawn, men of an armored unit await the order to advance.



ARTILLERYMEN in a well-camouflaged position in the Western Desert.

How Australians won a jumping-off ground for the triumphant British offensive

By RONALD MONSON

Noted War Correspondent with British Armies in Middle East.

Men from Australia who died at El Alamein—officers, privates, airmen—gave up their lives while the elation springing from a great achievement in violent battle was still theirs.

They went into action with high hearts, certain that victory would be theirs—a victory heralding the final triumph of the cause for which they had come to fight.

I SAW them and spoke with many of them as they went into battle.

Some I saw where they fell.

I know how sure they were of success, and how important they regarded that success.

And because of their valor and the valor of their comrades still fighting on, victory was to a great extent made possible.

Without in any way minimising the united effort of their brothers in arms from Britain, sister Dominions, and Allied countries, it can be said that Australian troops played a vital part in helping to smash Rommel's Army.

How valiantly they played that part is told in the story of those days from July 7, when a South Australian Battalion struck Australia's first blow in this campaign in a brilliant raid along Ruweisat Ridge, to November 4, when the 9th Division rested from its labors.

They had driven the bulge into Axis lines from which our armor pushed on to that "complete and absolute victory" which General Montgomery was able to announce to the world that same night.

No one who was in Cairo in those critical days at the beginning of July, when thousands, fearing the Afrika Korps' sweeping advance would carry them through to the Nile, were fleeing to safer haunts, will forget the dramatic appearance of the laughing, efficient-looking Diggers coming direct from the Syrian desert to help stem the tide at Alamein.

Stripped to the waist, revealing bodies stained dark tan by the Syrian sun, they looked a fighting body of men no army could stop.

Their trucks bore many facetious chalked signs, most prominent of which was "From Tripoli to Tripoli," a reference to the Tripoli in Syria many of them came from and the Tripoli they were going to.

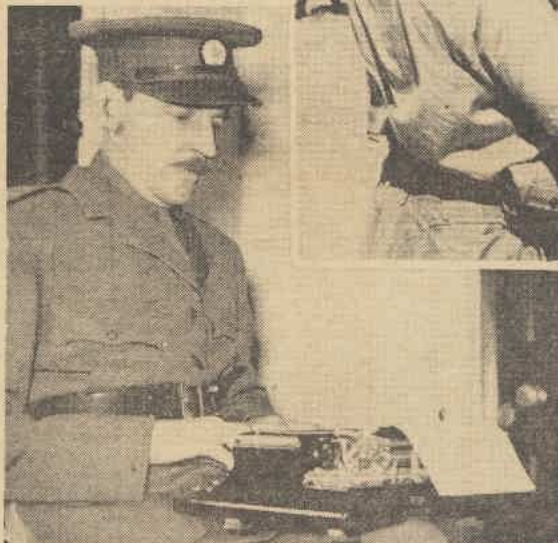
Heroes of Tobruk

THESE were General Morshead's men, who had held the road at Tobruk on another historic day when on command they swung out from the ranks of our retreating army, closed Tobruk's perimeter defenses, determined to stay there.

Stay there they did, with the Navy's help, for seven and a half months—the thorn in the side of Rommel's Army.

Now called on for a fresh effort in a critical hour for the Empire they came, outwardly eager and carefree, inwardly—as to that, let each man speak for himself.

Going battlewards is stern work as these veterans knew.



RONALD MONSON, Australian war correspondent, who has written for The Australian Women's Weekly the first full story of the A.I.F.'s latest exploits in the Middle East campaign.

Hardly were they in the line before they gave crack German infantry a glimpse of their mettle.

In the brilliant raid on the night of July 7, South Australians, commingling with men from other States, attacked the German guns, destroying six, including one of 105mm., blew up three captured tanks, which the Germans were just about to haul away, killed and wounded about 40 of the enemy for the loss of one missing and seven wounded.

The exploit gained this tribute from the Corps Commander: "Well done, Australians. Great re-entry into Western Desert. Most useful raid."

Australia was on the job again.

Two days later in a before-dawn attack, South Australians and Victorians drove back the Axis Army for the first time since it started its victorious advance.

Supported by British and Australian gunners, they broke out of the Alamein box, pushed the Italians and Germans off a commanding ridge running from the coast to the main coast road, and from the Hill of Jesus, which is south of the railway road.

In the attack on the ridge, South Australians captured a whole famous Bersaglieri Regiment, with the Colonel and his staff, for the loss of one man killed. The Hill of Jesus was a tougher proposition, but after 36 hours 1400 Italian and German

prisoners had been captured, and both positions were in Australian hands.

Australians in these brilliant actions and those which succeeded them to the south-west in the days that followed won from the enemy the jumping-off ground from which the bulge in the enemy lines was driven when the big offensive began.

Pierced enemy lines

THAT bulge became the bridgehead from where a gap was pierced in the enemy lines and through which Montgomery poured his three armored divisions which are still chasing Rommel's defeated force across Libya.

That is the part Australians played in victory.

It's a part of which the 9th Division and the land in which its men were bred can be greatly proud. I went up with the Australians, the New South Wales and Queensland Infantry battalions, the anti-tank gunners, the field ambulances, and aspers, on that momentous night of October 23.

No man who was there will ever forget the shattering roar, the blinding flashes of our hundreds of guns as they opened the barrage.

Through hours of darkness the attacking force had been moving up to start positions along the whole line of the coast.

The main attack was to be in the

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR LESLIE MORSHEAD decorates Sergeant W. T. Hughes, of a Victorian Battalion, who received the D.C.M. for bravery in an attack at Tel el Eisa (Hill of Jesus) on July 22.

northern sector, where Australians were to do the job with the South Africans and the 51st Highland Division on their left.

Rommel guessed we were going to try to smash through that sector. He had brought up his Panzer divisions and his crack lorried infantry division, and massed them opposite us or in close proximity.

The role of our men was frontal attack on his lines to get through his minefields, past his strong points, and thus smash the way for our armored forces to follow.

On other parts of the front, vantage points had to be gained and further attempts made to force a bridgehead if possible.

But the main object was to obtain this bridgehead in the north.

In night and day bitter fighting, Australians gained all their objectives, others gained some of theirs and failed to get others.

Having got our objectives, pushing the bulge we'd made farther out and along a more extended front until a gap was made was a job left to the New Zealanders, Highlanders, and British regiments, while the Australians swung right from their new positions deep in the enemy's lines and forced a corridor across the road and railway to the coast.

This corridor went right through the enemy on to the right of the bulge and hemmed in a large force.

Driving the corridor and mopping up cut-off remnants completed the Australian participation in the battle up to this stage except for the clearing up of the coast road as far as Fuka by our mechanised cavalry.

British armored units took over the job.

This condensed account of the Australian part in the breakthrough is told now for the first time because the exigencies of censorship hitherto precluded a mention of the Australians save as "British" troops from time to time.

The location of their actions, the place those actions fitted in the general battle plan, couldn't be mentioned at the time, nor could a continuous story be told of the important set job the Australians had to do.

Actions which I described at the time had necessarily to appear as episodic attacks.

Actually, they were all in this coastal sector, all part of one general plan.

From the moment the Australians took over the coastal sector on their arrival from Syria, they made the area very much their own. From Alexandria to Alamein they were in possession.

The slouch hat, the sunbrowned bare torsos, the very manner of walking which would be a slouch if it weren't for a spring in the tread, the unmistakable accent, the breezy friendliness, the quickness for anger at insults, real or imagined, which English call, "Having a chip on the shoulder"—all told that the Australians had come back.

Their swiftness to adapt themselves to circumstances in the matter of fashioning comfortable dugouts, field kitchens, and contriving all manner of gadgets to make life easier, their proficiency at scrounging, at adapting captured enemy war materials to their own use—they quickly formed an ack-ack unit, armed with captured enemy guns—marked them as different from all others serving in the Western Desert.

Discipline and courage

ALWAYS they seemed to have a casual air about everything they did.

Yet when they went into action they fought with skill, discipline, and courage surpassed by none. And their every action was planned by the officers concerned, be it divisional action directed by General Morshead himself or a section patrol, down to the finest detail.

I saw them start out on their nightly patrols which proved so valuable.

I saw them go into the mouth of hell in the big offensive.

Always they set forth with that same sang-froid, that calm acceptance of fact that it was all part of the job they came for that told you whatever happened they'd never get rattled.

They inspired confidence.

One important factor in their success is the assistance fighting troops get from specialised services such as the army workshops, medical services, supply units.

Nothing seems to be beyond these men who keep the army on its wheels, keep it fed and clothed, keep it healthy.

These then are the men who did the job at Alamein, and are still carrying on, their ranks unhappily thinned, but their spirit completely undaunted.

These are the men of whom a Senegal veteran of several wars and revolts said to me yesterday, "Ah, the Australians, very wild men" (and here he laughed at some remembered incidents), "but men who never retreat from a position they've taken."

Whatever job lies ahead of them, they will do it well.

Editorial

DECEMBER 5, 1942

NEW GLORY FOR A.I.F.

ON page 9 the full story of the latest battle exploits of the A.I.F. now in the Middle East is told for the first time in a special cable to The Australian Women's Weekly from our noted war correspondent, Ronald Monson.

Up till now necessary military censorship has prevented a complete picture being given of the Australian share in the Middle East triumphs.

We knew from the tributes of British generals that our men had fought magnificently, but Monson's cable reveals just how vital to the main strategy was the success of the A.I.F. in the tasks it had been set.

Monson shows how the victory of General Morshead and his men from Syria who stemmed the Axis drive toward Alexandria in July is linked with the big offensive of November.

Australians in those first gallant actions took the jumping-off ground for the later, bigger action.

And more, they were called on in the big offensive to share in the great frontal attack which smashed a way for the armored forces to go through to victory.

Australia can well be proud that the mettle of her fighting men was so well appreciated by those who planned the offensive that they were chosen to fight just where success or failure might decide the fate of the whole great enterprise.

How superbly they fulfilled the nation's faith in them!

They have added a shining chapter to Australia's story.

—THE EDITOR.

How wounded were brought from Kokoda

HOW the wounded were brought back from Kokoda over the steaming, muddy mountain trail is described in a letter from a stretcher-bearer in this week's Letters from Our Boys.

Pte. Don Woolford in New Guinea to Mrs. A. E. Francis, Waikerie, S.A.

ALTHOUGH I commenced the show in my new field as rifleman not many days passed before I found myself back at the old game of stretcher-bearing.

Usually, when going forward, we travelled with native carrier boys. These carried food forward, making dumps at various stages, so as to leave them empty-handed when finally we filled up the stretchers for the return journey.

They did a marvellous job and many of the wounded owe their lives to the ability and stamina of the native carriers.

"I was in close contact with them for a period of six weeks or more and found them some of the finest men I've seen.

"Once we had filled up the train with wounded the hard work really started.

"Day commenced for me at 4 a.m. with injections of various types of dope for various types of wounds and sickness. On completion of this I built a fire, usually with the aid of a couple of boys, and made beef tea so as to give the patients a cup each at dawn.

"When it became sufficiently light washing and dressing the wounds of patients commenced. When finished, breakfast for all and myself was the next item.

"This, too, had to be checked, various foods for various patients. Then the train got under way. 8 a.m., 12, 4 and 8 o'clock were the times allotted for injections, etc.

"I, travelling at the head of the train, remained in one spot at noon, giving each patient his dope, etc., as the stretchers passed. This left me at the rear of the field.

"We never ate during the day, so as to enable the stretchers to keep moving, but the patients had to be fed. This meant racing to the front again, the train often being an hour or more in length.

"Continued the speed until half an hour in front of the rest, lighting a fire so as to have a piping hot cup of beef tea ready for each patient as he passed.

"Being left in the rear again I had to move forward so as to be in position for the usual round at 4 o'clock.

"When finished again I would go forward, and this time clear right out, taking half a dozen boys with me.

"About 6 p.m. I would pick out or reach the allotted camping spot, and set the boys at lighting fires, preparing tea and supper, making grass houses, and building trestles for the stretchers.

"By the time the first stretcher case arrived I could settle him in comfortably for the night and give him his tea at the same time.

"Then to washing and dressing wounds again. Injections at 8 p.m. usually enabled me to have my own supper and make my bed by 9 o'clock, and to crawl into it only to be awakened at midnight for the usual round, and again at 4 a.m. and so on to a fresh day.

"Continual walking, lack of good



SERGEANT BRUCE LIVINGSTON, of Sydney, second from right, with other members of an R.A.F. squadron which had made thirteen trips over Europe when this picture was taken.



L-CORPORAL W. HODGSON with the birthday cake sent to him by his family for his twenty-first birthday.

food, and broken sleep eventually began to tell their tale, but the old constitution hung on well. I developed malaria and dysentery again, and for a few days I moved in a very giddy world, but managed to keep going O.K.

"Doctor had the necessary remedies for malaria, and by the time the show was over I was going great guns again, and at present I'm right at the top of my form and rearing to go again.

"It was hard work, but the gratitude of the boys we got out more than paid for any discomfort we may have had to put up with."

Sister M. North in the Northern Territory to Mrs. Wyn Rosewall, Wedderburn, Vic.:

I HAVE just started a month's stretch of night duty.

"We have several tents scattered around the grounds containing mumps, scabies, and 'other delicacies.'

"It takes real courage to go out and do a round of these tents as they are practically out in the bush, and quite near to the abos' shacks, and there is always the danger of falling into a slit trench, or running into a lemon tree. They grow wild here.

"The hours are long, as the hospital was not built to cope with such a large number of patients.

"The men up here are doing a great job. The track work is very trying, but they don't growl.

"We are sleeping in tents—my dearest ambition—and on camp stretchers. At first we were very uncomfortable, but now that we have got used to them I would not exchange them for the finest house and richest feather bed in existence."

L-Cpl. W. Hodgson somewhere in Australia to his sister Mais in Rushall Crescent, North Fitzroy, Vic.:

AS soon as I arrived back in camp I was handed a parcel from home. Well, were we pleased!

"We didn't even wait to take off our equipment. The tins that should have been heated up were not. The tin-openers were that hot it was not necessary to put the tins in hot water.

"Everything was cleaned up within five minutes. Even one of the tins of condensed milk was polished off. We squatted in a circle with our spoons, and the tin went around the circle with the spoons dipping in the tin and making their way to hungry, watering mouths.

"One of the boys said it was too nice to swallow, so he sat there for a few minutes holding it in his mouth just like a wine-taster. Golly, he looked funny.

"The second parcel came after tea. The boys and I sat down in a group just like snake-charmers, with a piece of chocolate in our mouth, and dates in one hand and biscuits in the other. We also polished off a 2lb. box of raisins and a 1lb. box of autumnas."

Able-seaman B. J. S. McLeod, D.S.M., who was on H.M.A.S. Nestor when she was sunk, to friends in Lidcombe, N.S.W.:

WE were with a convoy, and on the first day from 4.30 a.m. until dark we drove off fourteen air attacks, as well as E-boats at night. But the next day was like hell with the lid off. Jerry never gave us a minute's peace. We had twenty-nine high-level raids, torpedo and dive bombers.

"The twenty-fifth raid made a sorry end for a clean and happy ship. It was just like, I imagine, watching your house burn down and not being able to save it, seeing her sink.

"We had two little kittens, and couldn't find them in the dark.

"All the lights went out, and you could hear the ship groaning and creaking. I quickly got out on the upper deck, just in time to see a torpedo-bomber drop his fish at us, but his aim was bad. Just the same, it was a terrible sight watching it coming towards us.

"The rotten cows even machine-gunned all our boats that were undamaged by blast splinters."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards a minimum payment of £1.

Interesting People



CAPTAIN A. THOMSON
... O.C. hospital train

COMMANDING officer of Army hospital train in Northern Australia is Captain Alexander Thomson of South Australia. Improvised from cattle trucks, painted white, train runs twice weekly for 150 miles along northern railroad. Captain Thomson is graduate of Adelaide University. Was practising in Brisbane before joining Army.



DR. MILDRED MCAFEE
... Rules the "Waves"

DIRECTOR of the "Waves," U.S. Navy Women's Volunteer Emergency Service, is Dr. Mildred McAfee, formerly president of Wellesley College, U.S.A. Directs training school for officers opened recently at Smith College. With their attractive blue uniform "Waves" wear arm-bands to denote their rank.



REAR-ADMIRAL J. G. CRACE
... For historic Chatham

COMMANDER of Royal Australian Naval Squadron until a few months ago, Rear-Admiral J. G. Crace has just received new appointment. Is Admiral Superintendent in charge of England's famous Chatham dock. He was serving at the Admiralty when appointed to Australia in 1939. Was born near Canberra and educated at The King's School. Served in H.M.A.S. Australia and H.M.S. Hood in last war.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a week of contrasts, but it should produce good fortune for many.

There will be many difficulties and upsets on December 1, chiefly for Gemini, Virgo, Pisces, and some Sagittarians.

But December 2, 3, and 6, with parts of December 7, should produce opportunities and good fortune for Sagittarians, Leonians, Librans, and Aquarians.

The Daily Diary

HERO is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): December 1 tricky; December 2 fair; December 3 very good, especially luck. Start new ventures, seek favors, gains and advancement.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): An uneventful week for most Taurians. December 1 & 6, and 8 may produce minor setbacks and worries, while December 2 can be slightly helpful. Routine tasks best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be extremely careful on December 1 and 7. Things started then can lead adversely later. December 2 and 8 very poor, too, as take no liberties, especially where loss, partings, opposition, and arguments are concerned. Avoid new ventures.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): A mediocre week with December 1, December 2 (late), December 7, and December 8 rather difficult. A week for routine tasks and avoidance of discord and changes.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Splendid possibilities this week, as seek gains, favors, promotion, changes, and happiness. December 3 (forenoon), all round sunny, and after 9 p.m. very good. December 4 (forenoon) good, then fair to dusk. December 5 (forenoon) 4 and 5 p.m., and late evening, good. December 8 (to sunset) good, then excellent.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A poor week pending caution to dodge accidents, difficulties, upsets and delays. This is especially so on December 1 and December 7. December 2 and 8 also very poor. Take no risks; make no changes. Be patient and keep to routine tasks.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Work hard towards desired goals of semi-attainment. Some advancement is probable on December 2 (forenoon and late evening), also on December 4 (forenoon), December 7 (late evening), and December 8 (evening).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unspectacular times for most Scorpians, though benefits following past good work may come your way. December 2, December 3 (to dusk), and December 6 all fairly helpful. December 1 and December 7 (afternoon) poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Work hard and wisely this week. Good fortune is likely. Seek advancement, favors, and changes, especially on December 3 (forenoon) and after 3 p.m.; December 4 (to 11 a.m.), and December 6 (especially after 2 p.m.); December 7 (from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) good, but poor from 3 p.m. to sunset.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Just fair. Avoid spectacular changes and adventures. December 1 adverse. December 2 (from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.) very fair. Be mildly cautious on December 3 and 4. Plan ahead. Things improve soon.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Very fair on December 3 (forenoon), and after 9 p.m.; December 4 (forenoon) good, too, also December 7 (from 1 to 3 p.m. of late evening), and December 8 (evening).

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be on guard. Difficulties and setbacks or delays can prevail. December 1 distinctly adverse, so be very cautious. December 2, December 4 (late evening), and December 5 (late evening) poor. December 7 adverse, particularly in the late afternoon. December 8 very poor. Avoid changes and new enterprises.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Guide

*** **The Gold Rush.** Chaplin's famous Alaskan comedy, reissued with added music and words, is as uproariously funny as you remembered.—Mayfair; showing.

** **Blood and Sand.** Glorious color decorates this Spanish bullfight drama, with Tyrone Power, ingratiating as the hero, Linda Darnell, and Rita Hayworth.—Regent; showing.

* **Men of Texas.** Robert Stack and Broderick Crawford in a frontier adventure with strong historical flavor, and good production for this type of thing.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

* **King of Dodge City.** First of a new Western series with singing cowboy Tex Ritter and Bill Elliott—whose acting is superior to this tale of cleaning up a Kansas town.—Civic; showing.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been captured by enemy agents and placed aboard a ship in irons. They have been hunting for **DR. GRIFF:** Inventor of a machine to destroy planes in the air with electric energy, who,

unknown to them, is also a prisoner on the vessel. Interrogating one of his men, who was found hypnotised on the beach, **THE CHIEF:** Of the spies learns that his captives are Mandrake and his servant, and orders that they be loaded down with weights and chains and thrown overboard. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR ARE LOADED DOWN WITH CHAINS AND WEIGHTS ON THE ENEMY FREIGHTER...



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL BE BACK TO GET DR. GRIFF!

MEN ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED ARE ALWAYS ALLOWED TO SAY THEIR LAST WORDS! THOSE ARE YOURS!



THAT'S THE END OF THEM.

But--THAT WATER LOOKS COLD! WHO WERE THEY?

MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR, THEY WERE TRYING TO FREE DR. GRIFF. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT THEM--EXCEPT THAT THEY WERE AGAINST US! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS IN THIS GAME!



UNDERWATER, LOTHAR TWISTS AND STRUGGLES, BUT THE CHAINS ARE TOO HEAVY EVEN FOR HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES--

CHAINED AND WEIGHTED DOWN, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR SINK SWIFTLY IN THE DARK WATERS--THE PRESSURE POUNDS AT THEM--THEIR LUNGS STRAIN FOR AIR--



MANDRAKE DOES NOT STRUGGLE USELESSLY--BUT WORKS FAST, USING ALL HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE ART OF ESCAPE--

FREED OF THE CHAINS, HE KEEPS THE WEIGHTS--AND FIGHTS HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE--HE INHALES DEEPLY--



THEN DIVES DOWN, HOLDING THE WEIGHTS TO HELP HIM GAIN DEPTH--AS HE SEARCHES FOR LOTHAR--



--AND AT LENGTH DOES--LOTHAR CLINGS WEAKLY TO THE SIDE OF THE SHIP--

--LOTHAR'S HOLD RELAXES--HE SLIPS BACK INTO THE WATER--MANDRAKE CLINGS TO HIM--



TO BE CONTINUED

Slanders on servicewomen's morals refuted

Findings of English committee should silence Australian gossip-mongers

Just arrived from England is a detailed report on the amenities and welfare conditions in the three Women's Auxiliary Services, which correspond to our Women's Army, Navy, and Air Force Auxiliaries.

Of particular interest to Australian women is the section which deals with service life and morals. Slanderous tongues, busy on the reputation of servicewomen, are very vile Fifth Columnists. As this report tersely comments, "Virtue has no gossip value."

IN Australia, Ministers of the Crown have publicly denied scandalous rumors in circulation about our servicewomen. The careful, comprehensive survey made by the English committee shows how such false rumors arise.

The committee comprised eight well-known English men and women: Miss V. Markham (chairman), Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., Mrs. Walter Elliot, Major J. Milner, M.P., Air Vice-Marshal Sir David Munro, Mrs. J. L. Stocks, Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., and Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes.

In the section devoted to "Service Life and Morals," the report states: "It has been one of the tasks of your committee to form some conclusion as to why the women's services have incurred so much criticism."

Anyone who has visited a service camp and has watched the auxiliaries at work and at play, who has noted their trim and soldierly bearing, their good discipline and high spirits, can only marvel at the unfriendly comments often current. A reasoned judgment in this



MISS THELMA CAZALET, M.P., a member of the committee which reported on the women's services. Last year she criticised an A.T.S. poster as being more like a beauty product's advertisement.

matter is not easy. Prejudice, exaggeration, and truth are all factors of which your committee is conscious in any summing-up of the position.



SERGEANT MARY CHURCHILL, of the A.T.S., daughter of the Prime Minister. Following derogatory rumors concerning the women's services, the Prime Minister called for a report, which was compiled by a special committee and presented to Parliament.

Certain obscure but nevertheless real psychological factors must in the first place be noted.

The British, though they fight when called upon to do so with unfaltering courage and determination, are not a military race. They cherish a deep-rooted prejudice against uniforms; consequently, a woman in uniform may rouse a special sense of hostility, conscious and subconscious, among certain people who would never give two thoughts to her conduct as a private citizen.

To be seen drinking a glass of beer in a public house is to provide a text for fluent remarks about the low standards of the services.

War gives rise to many rumors. Vague and discreditable allegations about the conduct of women in the forces have caused considerable distress and anxiety not only to friends and relations at home, but to men fighting overseas.

Some of these tales have suggested a high rate of illegitimate pregnancy, others that excessive drinking is a common practice.

Individual instances of such pregnancy, of course, occur, but information is available showing on what slender foundations a superstructure of scandal has been reared.

We have made careful inquiries of all camps we have visited (A.T.S., W.A.A.F., and W.R.N.S.), and obtained figures of illegitimate pregnancy for the units concerned.

Conclusive figures

THESE proved to be trifling, and your committee was satisfied from these and other inquiries that the conclusion at which we had arrived was correct.

For the A.T.S. we have been supplied with detailed figures on discharge for pregnancy which prove conclusively how little truth there is in the rumor regarding illegitimate pregnancy in that service. There are in the A.T.S. large numbers of married women, and the pregnancies of these women are often, no doubt, carelessly confused with those of the single women.

The pregnancy rate for married women in the A.T.S. ranged from 15.5 to 17 per 1000.

Turning to unmarried women, the illegitimate birth-rate among the civilian population in the age groups from which the A.T.S. is recruited is approximately 21.8 per 1000 per annum.

The pregnancy rate among single A.T.S. personnel is 15.4 per 1000 per annum.

No information is available as to what proportion the 21.8 births per 1000 among the civilian population bear to total pregnancies, nor what proportion of the 15.4 in the A.T.S. result in births, but it is clear that if comparable figures could be arrived at the gap would be even wider.

A further important point is that a number of single women come into the forces already pregnant. According to the monthly returns for the first five months of this year of single women discharged for pregnancy, 18 to 44 per cent. of these were pregnant before entering the A.T.S.

We are satisfied from our inquiries that if comparable and detailed figures for the W.A.A.F. and the W.R.N.S. were available they would prove that any allegations as to high illegitimate pregnancy in those services were equally unfounded.

We can therefore with certainty say that the illegitimate birth-rate in the services is lower than the illegitimate birth-rate among the comparable civilian population.

It may be said that pregnancy figures are in themselves inconclusive as to standards of morality.

Standards of sexual behaviour have changed greatly in the last generation, and some people conduct their lives on principles remote from those termed Victorian. There is a certain bravado in much talk that takes place between young people about sex questions, and theories are often paraded in conversations which are never put into practice.

Similarly with drinking. Though statistics show a steady fall in drunkenness, liquor flows, not necessarily to excess, in a volume unknown in the past.

Your committee is not a committee on morals, and it is not part of our duty to pass judgment on these changes in social behaviour.

We are, however, concerned to point out that the women's services represent a cross section of the population and all types and standards are represented among them.

The innocent and the experienced, girls from good and bad homes, are all thrown together. If a woman has learnt loose habits in civilian life, she brings those habits with her into the services. Her uniform at once makes her conduct conspicuous.

In civilian life cases of immorality are spread over a wide area; in the services they occur in small compact communities.

Unfortunately, gossip-mongers who spread unsavory rumors never stop to reflect on such abstract and unpicturesque details as incidence and ratio which would reduce the stories to their just proportions.

Allegations of general immorality in a camp, when investigated, have, in our experience, resolved themselves into one or two cases, which, in the course of gossip, have been multiplied times over. And the same applies to charges of drunkenness.

The point your committee desires to stress is that loose behaviour,

On The Committee



MAJOR J. MILNER, M.P., fought in the last war and has served on many House of Commons committees.



DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P., is a practising physician, a wife and mother, and an ardent feminist.



MRS. WALTER ELLIOT, wife of a former wartime Cabinet minister. She is a sister of Lady Wakehurst.

when it occurs, is not necessarily the product of service life; it is introduced primarily from without. Service life, with its discipline, work, and good comradeship, generally speaking puts the relation of men and women on a healthy and normal basis. It is a corrective rather than an incitement to bad conduct.

There may be at times emotional stresses due to the war which lead to extra-marital relationships. The incidence of such relationships is not easy to determine, but no conclusion would be more false than to imagine that they are typical of the services as a whole.

We consider that these allegations reflect most unfairly as a generalisation on a body of women the vast majority of whom are serving their country in a high and self-respecting spirit.

Your committee can only deplore the irresponsible conduct of persons who, without any first-hand knowledge, are content to damage the war effort by malicious or careless talk derogatory to the Forces of the Crown.

★ Half an hour of lovely music presented in a novel way.

"MUSIC THROUGH THE ALPHABET"

MONDAYS, 9 P.M.

2GB

Radio's War-time Glamor Show

"OVER HERE"

produced by Jack Lumsdaine, compered by Al Thomas with the Macquarie Orchestra conducted by Reg Lewis.

FRIDAYS

2GB

9 p.m.



Swinging thro' the rain:

Four hundred members of the W.A.A.F. took part in the march which preceded the R.A.A.F. Austerity Loan rally in Martin Place. The spirited marching of the girls, undaunted by pouring rain, was enthusiastically applauded by the crowds which lined the route.

ARVERS said awkwardly, "I regret very much that I cannot do as you ask. Would it help you to stay here for the night? I do not think we have beds for so many, but something could perhaps be managed."

Nicole said warmly, "You are very kind, monsieur."

They called the children and introduced them one by one to the horse-dealer; then they went towards the house. The man called his wife as they approached the door, told her that the party were to stay with them for the night, and introduced her formally to them. Nicole shepherded the children after her into the kitchen. Arvers turned to Howard.

"You will take a little glass of Pernod, perhaps?" he said.

A little glass of Pernod seemed to the old man to be a very good idea. They went into the salon because the kitchen was full of children.

Arvers brought the Pernod, with glasses and water, and the two men settled down together. They talked about horses and country matters, chatting pleasantly enough for a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly Arvers said, "Your daughter, Monsieur Howard. She will surely find so many foreign children an encumbrance? Are you so certain that they will be welcome in her home?"

The old man said, "They will be welcome, all right."

"This is a bad time for children, this filthy war," said Arvers. "There are no children in this house, thank heaven. Or—only one." He paused. "That was a hard case, if you like."

Howard looked at him inquiringly. "A friend in Paris asked me if I had work for a Pole," he said. "In December, that was—just at Christmas time. A Polish Jew who knew horses, who had escaped into Rumania and so by sea to Marseilles. Well, you will understand, the mobilisation had taken five of my eight men, and it was very difficult."

Howard nodded. "You took him on?"

"Assuredly. Simon Estreicher was his name, and he arrived one day with his son, a boy of ten. There had been a wife, but I will not distress you with that story. She had not escaped the Boche, you understand."

The old man nodded. "Well, this man Estreicher worked here till last week, and he worked well. He was quiet and gave no trouble, and the son worked in the stables, too. Then the Germans

came here, and took him away."

"Took him away?"

"Took him away to Germany to their forced labor. He was a Pole, you see, monsieur, and a Jew as well. One could do nothing for him. Some filthy swine in town had told them about him, because they came straight here and asked for him. They took him in a truck with several others."

"Did they take the son as well?"

"They never asked for him, and he was in the paddock at the time, so I said nothing. One does not help the Germans in their work. But it was very hard on that young boy."

Howard agreed with him. "He is with you still, then?"

"Where else could he go? He is useful in the stable, too. But before long I suppose they will find out about him, and come back for him to take him away also."

Nicole came to them presently, to call them to the kitchen for supper. She had already given the children a meal, and had put them to sleep on beds improvised upstairs by Madame Arvers.

The meal over, Arvers escorted Nicole and Howard back to the salon. Presently he returned to the subject that was on his mind: "Are many children going to America, monsieur? I cannot comprehend how you can be so positive that they will be welcomed."

Howard shrugged his shoulders. "The Americans are a generous people. These children will be quite all right if I can get them there, because my daughter will look after them. But even without her, there would be many people in America willing to provide for them."

The horse-dealer stared at him keenly and thoughtfully. "Would they provide for Marjan Estreicher?"

Howard said steadily, "I would take him with me, if that is what you want. I would send him to the United States with the other children. But before that I should want help to get them all away."

"Jean Henri?"

"Assuredly, monsieur." Arvers said stubbornly. "Think what it would mean to my daughter if you should be caught."

"Think what it would mean to that boy, if he should be caught," the old man said.

Nicole said suddenly, "Does Marjan want to go? You cannot make him if he does not want to. He is old, that one."

Continuing... The Pied Piper

from page 5

"He is only ten," said Arvers.

"Nevertheless," she said, "he is quite grown up. We cannot take him if he does not want to go."

Arvers went out of the room; in a few minutes he returned, followed by the boy. He said to him, "This is the matter, Marjan. This monsieur here is going to England if he can escape the Germans, and from England the children with him are going to America. In America they will be safe. There are no Germans there. Would you like to go with them?"

The boy stood silent. They explained it to him again. At last he said in almost unintelligible French, "In America, what should I work at?"

Howard said, "For a time you would have to go to school, to learn English and the American way of living. At school they would teach you to earn your living in some trade. What do you want to do when you grow up?"

Without any hesitation the boy said, "I want to kill Germans."

There was a momentary silence. Arvers said, "That is enough about the Germans. Tell monsieur here what trade you wish to learn in America, if he should be so kind as to take you there."

There was a silence.

Nicole came forward. "Tell us," she said gently. "Would you like to grow up with horses? Or would you rather buy things and sell them for a profit?"

The boy looked up at her. "I want to learn to shoot with a rifle from a very long way away," he said, "because you can do that from the hills when they are on the road. And I want to learn to throw a knife hand and straight. That is best in the darkness, in the narrow streets, because it does not make a noise."

Arvers smiled, a little ruefully.

Marjan said, "When do we start?"

"Do you want to come with us?" Howard asked.

The boy nodded his black head. He said, "I could not kill a German for another two or three years because I am not strong enough. But in America I could learn everything, and come back when I am fifteen years old, and big and strong."

"That is enough," said Arvers sharply. "Go back to the kitchen and stay there till I call you."

The boy left the room. "I do not know what will become of him," the horse-dealer said morosely.

"One of two things will happen to him," said Howard. "One is, that the Germans will catch him very soon. They will take him to their mines. He will be rebellious, and before long he will be beaten to death. That is the one thing."

The horse-dealer dropped into the chair on the opposite side of the table. "What is the other thing?" he asked.

"He will escape with us to England," said Howard. "He will end up in America, kindly treated and well cared for, and in a year or two these horrors will have faded from his mind."

There was a long, long silence in the falling dusk.

Arvers said at last, "I will see what I can do. To-morrow I will drive mademoiselle to Le Conquet and we will talk it over with Jean Henri. You must stay here, with the children, and keep out of sight."

Howard spent most of the next day sitting in the paddock in the sun, while the children played around him.

In the late afternoon Nicole returned with Arvers. Both were very dirty, and the girl had a deep cut on the palm of one hand, roughly bandaged.

"My dear," Howard asked anxiously, "what happened?"

She laughed, a little shrilly. "It was the British," she said. "It was an air raid. We were caught, in Brest—this afternoon."

Madame Arvers came bustling up with a glass of brandy. Then she hustled the girl off into the kitchen. Howard was left in the paddock, staring out towards the west.

Presently Nicole came out into the garden, white-faced and with her hand neatly bandaged.

She took Howard's arm. "Come in the salon, and I will tell you about Jean Henri."

They went together into the house.

"About Jean Henri," she said. "He

is not to appear in this himself. Aristide will not have that, for the sake of Marie. But in Le Conquet there is a young man, called Simon Focquet, and he will take a boat across with you. He is a De Gaulle."

"What is that, mademoiselle?"

She said, "There is a General de Gaulle in England with your armies, one of our younger generals. In France, nobody knew much about him, but now he will carry on the battle from England. He is not approved by our government of Vichy, but many of our young men are slipping away to join him, some by way of Spain and others in boats across the Manche."

"That is how Simon Focquet wishes to go, because he is a fishing boy and knows boats very well."

"Where will he get the boat?" Howard asked.

"Aristide has arranged that for us. Jean Henri will hire one of his boats for fishing to this young man, and Simon then will steal it when he leaves for England. Jean Henri will be the first to complain to the gendarmerie, and to the Germans, that his boat has been stolen. But Aristide will pay him for it secretly. You should pay Aristide, if you have so much money."

The old man nodded. He was silent a moment, then he asked, "Have you ever been to England, mademoiselle?"

Nicole shook her head. "We had arranged that I should visit John in England in October, when he could get leave again. I think he would have taken me to see you then, perhaps. But the war came, and there was no more leave . . . and travelling was very difficult. I could not get a visa for my passport."

He said gently, "Make that trip to England now, Nicole."

She shook her head. "No, monsieur."

"Why not?"

She said, "Are you going to America with the children?"

He shook his head. "I would like to, but I don't think I shall be able to. I believe that there'll be work for me to do when I get back."

She said, "Nor would I leave France. Either one is French or one is English, and it is not possible that one should be both at the same time. And in times of great trouble one must stay with one's own country and do what one can to help."

He said slowly, "I suppose so."

Pursuing her train of thought, she said, "If John and I—she hesitated—"If we had married, I should have been English and then it would be different. But now I am not to be English, ever. I could not learn your different ways, and the new life alone. This is my place, this I belong to, and I must stay here. You understand?"

He said, "I understand that, Nicole." He paused for a minute and then said, "I am getting to be an old man now. When this war is over I may not find it very easy to get about. Will you come and stay with me in England for a little? Just for a week or two?"

She said, "Of course. Immediately that it is possible to travel, I will come."

Presently she said, "Now for the details of the journey. Focquet will take the boat to-night from Le Conquet to go fishing up the Chenal as far as Le Four. He will not return to Le Conquet, but to-morrow night he will put into l'Aberwrach to land his fish, or to get bait, or on some pretext such as that."

"He will sail again at midnight of to-morrow night and you must then be in the boat with him for he will go direct to England. Midnight is the latest time that he can sail, in order that he may be well away from the French coast before the dawn."

Howard asked, "Where is this place l'Aberwrach, mademoiselle? Is it far from here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Forty kilometres, no more. There is a little town behind it, four miles inland, called Lannilis. We must go there to-morrow."

Arvers came into the salon to join them.

Nicole said, "How do we get into touch with Focquet to-morrow night?"

The horse-dealer said, "To-morrow night Focquet will come at nine o'clock to the tavern upon the quay-side. He will appear to be slightly drunk, and he will ask for Pernod des Anges. There is no such drink.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 2—

Mr. Edwards and — Goodie

Reeve, Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 3—Goodie

Reeve in "Precious Moments."

Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents

"The Housewife on the Home

Front."

FRIDAY, December 4—The Australian

Women's Weekly presents

Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody

and Thought.

SATURDAY, December 5—Goodie

Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, December 6—Highlights

from Gems.

MONDAY, December 7—"Letters

from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, December 8—"Musical

Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen

Francis in "The Housewife on

the Home Front."

In that way you will know him. The rest I will leave to you."

Howard nodded. "How can we get to Lannilis?"

"I will take you myself so far in the car. That will be safe enough, but there I must leave you. You will have to walk the rest of the way."

So it came about that the following afternoon Howard and Nicole, with their little brood, caught their first glimpse of the sea, blue and hazy in a dip between two fields.

The old man's heart leapt when he saw it. In its misty blueness it seemed to him almost like a portion of his own country; England seemed very close.

"There is the sea," Nicole said softly. "You have not very far to go now, monsieur."

"Not very far," he said.

"You are glad?"

"I should be very, very glad, but for one thing," he said. "I would like you to be coming with us. Would you not do that?"

She shook her head. "No, monsieur."

They walked on in silence for a time. At last he said, "I shall never be able to thank you for what you have done for us."

She said, "I have benefited the most."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She said, "It was a very bad time, when you came. I do not know if I can make you understand. You see—I loved John very much. Above all things I wanted to be an Englishwoman. And I should have been one but for the war. Because we meant to marry. Would you have minded that very much?"

He shook his head. "I should have welcomed you. Don't you know that?"

She said, "I know that now. But at the time I was terribly afraid of you. We might have been married if I had not been so foolish and delayed." She was silent for a minute.

"Then John—John was killed. And at the same time, nothing went right any more. The Germans drove us back, the Belgians surrendered, and the English ran back to their own country from Dunkirk and France was left to fight alone. Then all the papers, and the radio, began to say bad things of the English, that they were traitorous, that they had never really meant to share the battle with us. Horrible things, monsieur."

"Did you believe them?" he asked quietly.

She said, "I was more unhappy than you could believe."

"And now? Do you still believe those things?"

She said, "I believe this, that there was nothing shameful in my love for John. I think that if we had been married, if I had become an Englishwoman, I should have been happy for the remainder of my life."

She paused. "That is a very precious thought, monsieur. For a few weeks it was clouded with doubts, and spoiled. Now it is clear once more; I have regained the thing that I had lost. I shall not lose it again."

They were both silent for a while. It was getting towards evening; the time was nearly eight o'clock.

Nicole said, "There is time enough, and to spare. If we go now to the tavern, we can get supper for the little ones—coffee, perhaps, and some bread and butter."

They went on down to the village and into the tavern. A few fishermen, standing by the bar, looked at them narrowly; it seemed to Howard that they had divined his secret as soon as they set eyes on him. He led the children to a table in a far corner of the room.

To be continued

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 105-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Common sense in the kitchen

Useful hints in radio session

Recipe sessions have always been a popular feature of daytime radio among housewife listeners.

With pencil and paper in hand they can jot down suggestions for the day's menu and so plan meals on the spot.

A NEW angle on radio recipes is now being provided by the feature heard every Tuesday and Wednesday at 10.45 a.m. from 2GB entitled "Kommunsense Kitchen Klub."

This half-hour session is conducted by Mrs. Wynifred Wiseman, who does not confine herself to recipes, but includes time-saving hints and guidance about health. She also strives to bring cooking into line with the austerity needs of to-day by giving suggestions on substitutes for difficult-to-acquire commodities.

Mrs. Wiseman concentrates on the preparation of dishes providing the greatest amount of vitamins. Even experienced housewives will find many of her hints of considerable assistance. For instance, how many know that if there is no suet in the house, and it is desired to make a dumpling or a pudding, a substitute can be created by soaking sago in milk?

Mrs. Wiseman is also an authority on mothercraft, and gives commonsense advice to mothers and expectant mothers.

The most novel feature of the "Kommunsense Kitchen Klub" is its



MYREE PARKER, 16-year-old, singer heard in "Over Here," broadcast from 2GB.

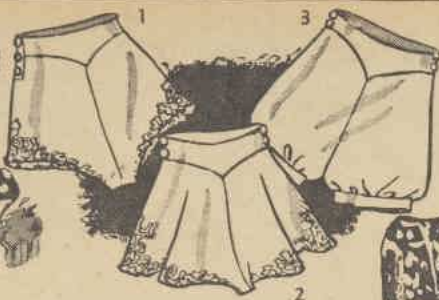
method of presentation. Mrs. Wiseman is president, and the members who assemble at the microphone ask her questions. She answers them, and when she has given a recipe they are able to call upon her to elucidate any point which may not be clear.

The session also has an unusual musical setting. It introduces a man who not only shows his ignorance of kitchencraft in humorous manner, but with his group of singers contrives to set the recipes and hints given by the president to the music of well-known songs.

It is a session that women listeners will find easy listening, and few will not have their kitchencraft enriched by all sorts of hints and ways of saving time, work and money, as well as means to benefit the health of the family.



F2150



Special Concession Pattern

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Sizes: 36, 38, and 40-inch hips.
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PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Needlework Notions



F290

Dainty organdie supper-cloth, traycloth, and serviettes

THIS filmy organdie set is available with a pretty design traced on grounds of green, blue, pink, and lemon. The cloth is 36ins. square, the traycloth 18ins. x 12ins., and the four serviettes each 11ins. square. The simple design is worked in stem-stitch, satin-stitch, and french knots.

Complete set, 11/3.
Individually: Cloth, 5/11; traycloth, 2/6; serviettes, 10d. each.
Postage 91d. extra.

Dainty cord frock

F291

SMALL girls will love this adorable frock with its trim bodice, flared skirt, and puff sleeves. It is available clearly traced on white dainty cord printed in red, orange, pink, and blue.

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F3341

Fashion PATTERNS



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Fashion Frock Service

"DELORES" OVERALL-CUM-PINAFORE

"DELORES" is an attractive overall that combines utility and charm. It is made in a cool and color-fast poplin with a dainty sweet-pea design in pink, blue, amber, and mauve on a natural background.

The shaped bodice and gathered skirt conspire to make your waistline look diminutive, and the two capacious pockets are smart and practical.

"DELORES" is available either ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

Ready to wear. Sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (6 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 45/11 (6 coupons).

Cut out only. Sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 29/11 (12 coupons); 38 and 40-inch bust, 35/11 (12 coupons).

Postage, 1/9d. extra.

How to obtain "DELORES". In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given below. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



F2290

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MELBOURNE picture of Flying-Officer Ron Payne and his bride, formerly "Dod" Falkiner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Falkiner. Marry at Grimwade House Chapel.



SENDING-OUT buttons for Red Cross Day, which takes place this Friday. Mrs. E. Ross (left) checks addresses with Mrs. Royce Shannon at Red Cross Day office.



AFTER AUSTERITY LOAN MARCH. From left: Matron Mabel Rae, R.A.N. Nursing Service; First Lieutenant Mildred Dunmore, U.S. Army Medical Services; and Squadron-Officer M. Miller, Deputy-Director of W.A.A.F., have coffee in Lord Mayor's rooms at Town Hall.



AFTERNOON TEA. Mrs. W. J. Fisher serves Judy and Ann Playfair at sale at Heveria, home of late F. A. Moses, at Killara. Killara branch of Red Cross receives proceeds from sale of catalogues and teas.

On and off Duty.

CALL in at office of Red Cross Special Appeals Committee to find everyone busy parcelling up packages of the Red Cross Christmas cards.

Each card bears brilliant reproduction of posters and pictures painted by well-known Sydney newspaper artists.

Organiser, Mrs. R. Locke, explains that the cards bear numbers and the holders of winning numbers will be given big prizes.

First prize is gold emblem valued at £500, second at £250, third at £100. The prize-money is gift of anonymous donor.

Already thousands have been sent out.

"Hundreds are being sent to Australian servicemen all over the world," says Mrs. Locke.

Cards or books of them may be obtained on the 4th floor of Prudential building or by writing to Box 6500, G.P.O.



COUNTRY RACE MEETING. Mrs. Clifford Longworth, "Miss More" in Miss Red Cross competition, snapped at race meeting which raises £1450 for her candidature.



CHRISTMAS CARDS for Red Cross Art Union. Dorothy Williams with armful of cards ready for despatch. Poster by The Australian Women's Weekly artist Wep, in background, is one of pictures on cards.

Heard Around TOWN

ONE of first recruits to volunteer for duty at The Australian Women's Weekly hostel for service-women soon to be opened is Sydney author Mrs. Gladys Lister.

She will work with the hostel's director, Margaret Osborne, every day from 12.30 till 6 p.m., one of her special duties being to arrange the flowers.

Miss Osborne wrote the song which is the theme of Mrs. Lister's book, "The Song Goes On," the story of the voyage of British evacuee children to Australia.

She has, by the way, just received first copies of her two latest books, "Grandpuff and Leafy" and "Dawn Mother."

NORMA FELTON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Felton, of Bexley, joins ranks of full-time V.A.'s.

HELEN JAMES and Lieutenant Kenneth McEwen, A.I.F., announce engagement at dance given at Hotel Wentworth.

Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. James, of Mackay, North Queensland, is in Land Army at Canberra, working on experimental farms and laboratories for Council of Scientific and Industrial Research.

She was formerly nurse at Prince Alfred.

Her fiancé is the son of Dr. and Mrs. McEwen, of Bathurst.

YELLOW Waifs form guard of honor on steps of St. Andrew's Cathedral when Corporal Dawn Barry marries Warrant-Officer Ronald Medland, of New Zealand Military Liaison Staff in Sydney.

Her bridesmaids are A.C.W. Audrey Phil, W.A.A.F., and Enid Elphinstone, who choose gowns of iris-blue taffeta.

Rev. A. R. Ebbs performs ceremony, after which reception is held at N.Z. Auxiliary War Unit's headquarters, Martin Place.



BEFORE MARRIAGE. Gwen McGirr arranges train for her sister, Patty, as she leaves for church to wed Grevor Molyneux. Bride is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greg McGirr, of North Sydney.



PREPARING for Thanksgiving Day at American Centre. Mrs. Hans Robertson (left) and Mrs. Carl Stetzelberg prepare salads for dinner. More than 1000 servicemen visit centre.

OPENING of American Red Cross Service Club in Phillip Street is gayest do in Sydney for long time.

Am greeted by Miss Helen Hall, director of service clubs in Australia, who wears huge and magnificent purple orchid on her grey Red Cross uniform.

Also meet Dow Sweeney, in charge of club.

Sally Whittaker dons uniform of American Red Cross, and is first Australian woman to wear it. She has been working with Miss Hall since her arrival here, and will be second in command to Mr. Sweeney.

Sandwiches and mint juleps served buffet style in ballroom, where first dance is given on Thanksgiving Day.

EARLY Christmas card in my overseas mail this week from Noela Slessor, wife of Australia's official war correspondent, Kenneth Slessor.

Noela is living in Jerusalem and working as honorary librarian at No. 16 Military Hospital, formerly 6th A.G.H.

Says there are lots of books by Australian authors in library, and that British soldiers like to read them. Favorite is "A House is Built" by M. Barnard Eldershaw.

GEN. SIR WALTER McNICOL confesses to family interest in work of Kuring-gai Women War Workers at opening of their exhibition at David Jones' auditorium.

"My son, Lieutenant Fred McNicol, engaged in anti-submarine work in the North Sea, told me that he had received several knitted garments stamped with your committee's name," he said.

Exhibition is entitled "Craft-work From Many Lands."

Betty

SISTERS bound for SUCCESS

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

THERE have been "sister-acts" in Hollywood as long as there have been films.

First came the Gishes; then the Talmadge trio (Constance, Norma, Barbara); later the Youngs (Loretta, Lola Lane, Sally Blane, young Georgina); and the Lane sisters, all the way from musicals.

To-day, we have the Brodels.

Mary, Betty, and Joan Brodel live with mother (as you can see from the family group on this page).

Mary, who has kept her own name, is a bit-player at Warners. Betty is hoping for a film career. And Joan, who is 17, is Warners' darling star, Joan Leslie.

In spite of this diversity of success, Joan is just one of the girls at home. And her devotion to eldest sister Mary is intense. For Mary has looked after her since the three were a real "sister-act" on the stage, trouping from coast to coast for four long, strenuous, depression years.

★ JOAN was 13 years old (looking 16) when a film talent scout saw the girls in song and acrobatics at the Paradise Cafe, in New York, and took Joan off to Hollywood for a series of small roles.

Homesick, she rushed back East again to the family. Determined Mary, however, personally escorted her back to Hollywood, talked a Warners' talent-man into securing her a film-test, and so was largely responsible for Joan's present stardom.

There's a nice human-interest story linked with Joan and Mary Brodel. They have one black dress between them, which they wear when they want to feel lucky.

It all started when Mary wore the dress four years ago in trying out for a role. She got it, and decided the simple frock had brought her luck.

Joan wore it when she took the test which got her her Warners' contract, and Mary wore it again when trying out for "Navy Blues." She got that part, too!

There is only one hitch in the proceedings. Joan is taller, so the hem has to be let down every time she wears it and Mary has to sew it up again.

To-day, that black frock is showing signs of strain. But it is the most-cherished garment in the Brodel wardrobe.

★ SISTERLY devotion of an equal kind exists between Jeanette MacDonald and Marie Blake. You know Marie well by sight—yes, you do. She has been for years the comic, gum-chewing switchboard-girl in the Kildare films.

Marie, who is older than Jeanette, has been happily married for years, and has no uncomfortable ambitions about a film career. But she enjoys this and other major stints at Metro, and between scenes she hustles over to the set where Jeanette is working for one of their long, enjoyable gossips.

On the other hand, a deep breach existed for years between Rosalind Russell and her sister Lee. Brunette Lee, a mannequin, arrived in Hollywood to visit Rosalind, and embarked upon that long romance with Herbert Marshall which ended in their marriage. Rosalind



Movie World

● Hollywood family group. The Brodel girls (Joan Leslie at back, Mary sitting on floor, and Betty perched on the arm of the chair) pose with their mother, Mrs. Charles Brodel,

who, proud of her daughters as she is, still runs their normal home. Mr. Brodel is an accountant in Los Angeles. Joan's next film is "The Hard Way," with Ida Lupino.

Charles Boyer puts his own money into producing film with himself as star

By VIOLA MACDONALD
in Hollywood

AT Universal Studios Charles Boyer is working busily on "Flesh and Fantasy," in which he combines the role of producer and star.

The other day I glimpsed him hurrying back to the set after lunch, at which I had observed him eating a salad with one hand and adding figures with the other.

When I caught up to him I noticed that a capable executive expression had replaced that traditional slumbrous look in his eyes.

Boyer was most enthusiastic about his new work. "This is the most exciting job I have ever tackled," he said. "First I intended to devote my entire time to producing a film, but now I find myself also acting a part, which is entirely due to the persuasive powers of Bar-

bara Stanwyck, whom I engaged for the feminine lead."

When Barbara signed the contract Charles told her she could select her own leading man, and, if possible, he would be procured. Barbara immediately replied, "I won't play unless I can have Charles Boyer." So Boyer kept to his promise and plays the role of Great Gaspar, circus tightwire walker, who is continuously tipsy and does his act in full-dress clothes.

"Although I am finding producing quite a strain," the star continued, "I am thoroughly enjoying my new duties which involve careful budgeting, planning of sets, and casting."

Boyer is putting his own money into the picture, as is Edward G. Robinson, who also has one of the main roles. For director, the two actors selected Julien Duvivier, who

was responsible for the French picture, "Carnet de Bal."

They have formed an independent group for the purpose of making "Flesh and Fantasy," which Universal has promised to release for them. If it is a success, the drama will be followed by other Boyer-Robinson-Duvivier productions.

Among those engaged for supporting roles are Thomas Mitchell, Anna Lee, and Dame May Whitty.

"Flesh and Fantasy" is episodic, somewhat like Laughton's "If I Had a Million." The unusual theme deals with the subconscious reactions of various people.

As Boyer hurried on to the set he gave a wry grin and said, "I am providing the perfect example of producer outwitting actor, for when Barbara persuaded me to act in my own film the actor Boyer was done out of his usual salary, thus saving producer Boyer several thousand dollars."

DAD SAYS
THEY GET KELLOGG'S
FOR BREKKER
IN CAMP, TOO.

"KELLOGG'S ARE
ALL READY TO SERVE....
THAT MEANS A LOT TO ME NOW
I'VE GOT TO RUSH OFF TO MY JOB
THESE MORNINGS"

"YUMMY!
CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?"



Pick your breakfast from KELLOGG'S BIG THREE



- 1 KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES... Big, crisp, delicious flakes... rich with the flavour of sun-ripened corn!
- 2 KELLOGG'S RICE BUBBLES... Golden bubbles of oven-popped rice... so crisp they crackle in milk!
- 3 KELLOGG'S WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS... All the food value of ripe whole wheat in these sustaining biscuits!

HAVE YOU A WAR JOB?

If you're one of the thousands of service wives who've gone into war work for the duration, you know what a rush it is in the mornings to get breakfast for yourself and the children. You haven't time for cooking - but Kellogg's breakfast cereals are all ready to serve from the packet.



Kellogg's use only the finest Australian grain... corn, wheat, and rice, harvested when they are at their peak of plump, sun-ripened goodness.



Kellogg's cereals are ready to serve. No standing over a hot stove, no drudgery washing-up "caught" saucepans or messy plates.



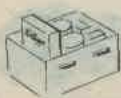
Fresh as though they'd just come from your own oven. The wax-tite innerseal wrapper keeps Kellogg's cereals kitchen fresh... really CRISP.



... Watch even finicky youngsters eat up their Kellogg's! No trouble to get them to eat a good, nourishing breakfast. AND they're encouraged to consume more milk!



Have another look at that Nutrition Chart. The carbohydrates in Kellogg's give you and the youngsters quick energy to start the day in top gear.



How's your Emergency Food Store these days? It's a good idea to include a packet or two of the family's favourite Kellogg's Cereal. Kellogg's keep fresh longer.

KELLOGG'S are also the makers of All Bran, the breakfast food that ends irregularity the safe way. Kellogg's All Bran restores the missing "bulk" to your daily diet... gently it stimulates the delicate intestinal muscles so that natural peristaltic action is restored.



If it's **KELLOGG'S**
... you know
it's good.

NOURISHMENT? Glance over this Nutrition Chart

These figures are taken from the Fifth Report of the Advisory Council of Nutrition. They show the scientific food values of Kellogg's cereals.

	Corn Flakes	Rice Bubbles	Whole Wheat Biscuits
Water	0%	0%	0%
Fibre	3.48	4.0	12.0
Ash	0.58	Trace	—
Protein	2.97	2.84	2.6
Fat	7.08	5.95	10.0
Carbohydrate	0.10	1.41	1.3
Calories	85.79	85.8	74.1
	1,731	1,765	1,619



Attractive AUSTERITY

To look lovely in spite of Austerity is a problem every woman can solve. To bring brightness and charm—to bring inspiration to herself and others is every woman's duty. The answer is to use sparingly...



Don't Spend—LEND!

Invest in
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES
or
WAR LOAN BONDS.

LITTLE TIME ... lots of charm

● Whether you work in a canteen, munitions factory, or office, you must organise your leisure as precisely as you do your working hours if you want to achieve a fresh and lasting loveliness.

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

WHEN you're working hard it's pretty difficult to constantly remember your personal charm, but you will find it well worth the additional trouble.

Immaculate grooming is never more attractive than in these summer months, when heat and fatigue wilt your freshness. This season, with refreshing simplicity as the keynote of fashion, everyone is expected to look crisp and cool. Impeccably fresh clothes, spotless gloves and shoes, and plenty of baths and shampoos are the foundations of this spick-and-span look.

Dusting powder and toilet water cool the skin and take the place of perfume on hot, sticky days when too definite a fragrance is not desired.

A light make-up is definitely preferable to a heavy one—it looks so much cooler and more youthful.

For the sake of your skin, don't apply fresh powder and rouge over old. Better a shiny nose than blackheads. Instead, allow two minutes for removal of old make-up and application of new. A liquid cleanser is fine for this quick work.

Don't follow that pernicious habit



THIS ATTRACTIVE LASS works long hours in a munitions factory, but still retains her health and good looks. Her lunch consists of a salad sandwich made with wholemeal bread, and a large glass of milk.

of coffee and biscuits for luncheon. It will ruin your looks, health, and disposition. If you can't buy the food you need, prepare your own salad and bring it into work. You will find it will keep deliciously fresh in an airtight tin.

Energy is more important than ever these days, and the only way to build up your vitality is to make sure you are getting the correct amount of exercise and eating the right foods.

Here is a typical energy diet:

Breakfast: Glass of water, generous helping of fresh fruit, two or three slices of wholemeal toast with butter and honey; tea or coffee.

Lunch: A salad with cheese or eggs and fresh vegetables; glass of milk; jelly.

Dinner: Celery (leaves and all); any grilled or roasted meat, except pork, green peas, carrots; green salad; cup custard or fresh fruit; black coffee.

Most important thing for the working girl to remember is this: she must make every spare minute count. Much time can be wasted by women who dream away the moments instead of watching the clock.

Tea-and-toast Anaemia

By MEDICO

THE other day Mrs. Brown said to me: "Doctor, I am always tired and get such headaches if I try to concentrate on anything. I have no appetite. This morning I just had a cup of tea and some toast."

Therein lies the cause of Mrs. Brown's lassitude, and there are many women who make the same mistake.

You don't feel like breakfast, so you go without. Later in the morning, when you are feeling hungry, you are too busy to stop and prepare yourself a meal, so you make a quick cup of tea and a piece of toast. Then at lunchtime you find you don't want to eat. Isn't that it?

I think we will find, when you have a blood count, that your trouble is anaemia.

Eating correct food

IT is surprising just how common mild anaemia is in Australia, especially among housewives.

Though you are not actually starved for food, your blood is starved of the food elements needed for real health.

The best way to restore this iron, which is so needed, is to eat foods rich in iron. The best known are liver, parsley, peas, wholemeal bread, eggs, oranges, and salad vegetables. And don't think I have forgotten milk. Though milk is not rich in iron, it helps to make the iron in other foods more available.

To-day we have to be fighting fit if we want to stand up to the stress and strain. Here are the foundation foods: Milk (1 pint every day), meat (4oz daily), cheese, eggs (one a day), fruit (especially orange, tomato, pineapple, papaw, and banana), vegetables (lettuce, cabbage, potato) and wholemeal bread and cereals.

Wear White for Safety in the Blackout



● Protect yourself against traffic accidents—wear white shoes. But remember—they must be WHITE... and that means Shu-Milk! It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that attracts the eye of everyone.

IN BOTTLES & TINS, 6d. & 1/-
Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

WAR JOBS **BLACKED-OUT SHIPS** are quickly unloaded during tropical nights—thanks to Eveready.

BROWNE-OUT STREETS safely crossed—thanks to Eveready.

ANOTHER WAR JOB is to take care of yourself. Make sure you sleep with an Eveready beside you.

EVEREADY'S WAR JOB is to provide batteries for fighters and civilians. We're doing our best to fulfil demands—help us by saving your battery all you can....

EVEREADY
Ask for the No. 950—the extra long life battery..



THE S.M. SAID
"I'VE STILL TO SEE
A LAD AS BRIGHT AS THIS TRAINEE"



YET STRANGE
AS IT MAY SEEM TO YOU
HIS DAUGHTER DIDN'T SHARE THAT VIEW



A FACT WHICH CAUSED
BILL MUCH DEPRESSION
UNTIL HE HEARD BOB OYER'S SESSION



YES! SOLVOL PLAYED
A CUPID'S PART
(AS WITNESS MARY'S CHANGE OF HEART)

**ALL HANDS
TODAY
NEED -**



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

5.57.94

Weeds are garden burglars

● Get busy on your weeds now. The warmth and moisture have brought them on, and if you don't tackle the problem straight away they will get beyond control.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

JHISTLES, burrs, and other spiny plants seed prolifically as a rule, and together with those that produce poisonous berries, or tangles of impenetrable growth, are among the most objectionable of weeds.

Bracken fern is another very troublesome customer in some districts, and nothing but constant and unremitting digging out or slashing with a brush-hook will eliminate this pest.

Most of the worts, ranging from stinkwort to St. John's wort, need drastic handling, and this also applies to skeleton weed and many other serious imported pest plants.

Paspalum grass, although providing dairymen with an enormous bulk of good feed, is an intolerable nuisance to gardeners when it gets into lawns, or infests flower and vegetable beds.

Nut and onion grasses are two others that have become major pests in recent years in many districts, and onion weed, which has a white flower and produces innumerable bulbils, is as troublesome as

oxalis, a clover-like plant with similar habits.

Almost every district in the Commonwealth, where gardening or agriculture is conducted, has its weed problems. Annual weeds are usually easy to control, for unless they have gone to seed they can be dug in and thus converted into humus. Perennial weeds and those of strong rooting habits are most difficult to eliminate.

Sorrel, for instance, throws out long adventitious roots, and each bit when broken up with a spade will reproduce itself. The plant also seeds very heavily.

Many members of the daisy family, such as dandelions, have seeds that are provided with parachutes, and these often travel miles before settling down.

But many of our most common weeds can produce flowers and fruits in a very short time, and their survival and success as weeds are no doubt due to the fact that they arrive at maturity very rapidly.

Eradicate weeds

IN dry seasons many weeds will flower and fruit when only a few inches tall. These are the "carriers" that perpetuate weed species from year to year, although the seed of most weeds will remain deep in the soil ungerminated for many years.

In every case the gardener will find loosening the soil with a fork, followed by hand-pulling, the best method of eradication. Many weeds can be poisoned by commercial weedicides, most of which are proprietary mixtures of sodium chlorate, arsenic pentoxide or iron sulphate.



A BASKETFUL OF LOVELY FLOWERS picked from an Old-World garden. To get a fine array of blossoms like this you must deal ruthlessly with weeds.

In footpaths and roadways most weedicides can be used with safety, but in lawns, flower beds and the kitchen garden digging out is the surest method of destruction.

In recent years many market and other gardeners have used what is known as smother crops. These consist of rampant growing crops such as oats, rye, rape, vetches, field peas, which, as a result of their choking habits of growth, starve the weeds out.

The average gardener should, however, learn the names of the common weeds and ascertain whether they are of annual, biennial, or perennial habit. Once this is done the use of sharp implements will be found a boon.

In every case the life duration of a weed should assist the gardener in choosing the type of extermination to use. In no case should weeds be allowed to go to seed. The adage, "One year's seeding, seven years' weeding," will be found only too true.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Good environment and its importance

THE influence of environment on the child has often been emphasised.

To the very young baby its environment really only means its mother and her loving care of it. The "human" environment—its parents and the other members of its family—is of vital importance to the child.

Therefore, disharmony in the home creates a very bad environment which is later responsible for much delinquency and other evils. The scope of the child's material

environment gradually enlarges and includes the kindergarten or school he attends, the house in which he lives, etc.

A leaflet dealing with the importance of environment has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4993WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

SERVICE

... with a Smile!

THAT'S the spirit of those smart girls who are serving their country in the Australian Army, as members of the Australian Women's Army Service or with Australian Army Medical units as V.A.'s. In scores of army jobs women are replacing men, doing work for which they are fitted by training and temperament, serving efficiently, smartly, and enthusiastically.

EVERY WOMAN WHO JOINS THE A.W.A.S. OR THE V.A.D. RELEASES A SOLDIER FOR SERVICE IN FORWARD AREAS.

There's a place for YOU in the ranks of the A.W.A.S or with the V.A.'s whatever your experience, knowledge, or training. If you are physically fit and between 18 and 45 years of age, you are needed in the A.W.A.S or the V.A.'s. Every A.W.A.S. and V.A. is a member of the Australian Army, enjoying the same splendid conditions of service, generous rates of pay and both now wear the same smart and attractive khaki uniform.

JOIN ONE OF THE SISTER SERVICES IN KHAKI...

A.W.A.S.
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

V.A.D.
VOLUNTARY AID DETACHMENT

THE SERVICES THAT ARE "UNIFORMLY" SMART!

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM THE ASSISTANT CONTROLLER OF THE A.W.A.S. OR OF THE V.A.D. AT YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY OR AT THE AREA OFFICE IN THE LOCAL DRILL HALL.



Look over this list of duties and decide now to serve your country.

A.W.A.S.

MACHINE OPERATORS
FOR ANTI AIRCRAFT
UNITS ★ AMBULANCE
DRIVERS ★ COOKS ★
CLERKS ★ STENOGRAPHERS
★ MOTOR DRIVERS
★ WIRELESS TELEGRAPH
OPERATORS.

V.A.D.

DIETITIANS ★ NURSING
ORDERLIES ★ CLERKS
★ COOKS ★ DENTAL
ORDERLIES ★ GENERAL
DUTIES.

Try them: WARM WEATHER MENUS

● It's not always an easy matter to plan midsummer meals. The temperature has a way of zooming up and falling down—leaving you in mid-air, so to speak. But here's the answer to the dinner problem: Something cold and something hot—and very nice, too.

By...

OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery
Expert to The
Australian
Women's Weekly.

No. 1

Scalloped Cucumber and Radish
Cold Roast Beef
Apple and Cabbage Relish
Tomato Slices
Diced Cooked Vegetables in Salad Cream
Chilled Pineapple Pie
Coffee.

□

No. 2

Savory Pineapple Loaf
Creamed Radish Spinach
Rhubarb Summer Betty
Iced Cream Coffee.

□

No. 3

Pumpkin Patties
Bacon Curls Tomato Slices
Curried Celery
Orange Nut Bread with Honey
Rhubarb Flip.

□

No. 4

Tomato Griddlecakes
Sliced Pressed Veal
Shredded Carrot, Swede and Cabbage Salad
Bacon Mayonnaise
Gooseberry Tart with Chilled Junket

□

No. 5

Hot Crumbed Cutlets with Green Salad
Baked Apples with Honey Cream
Celery and Cheese Coffee.

MINCED LAMB AND CUCUMBER SALAD

Two cups minced cooked lamb, 1 cup good white sauce, 1 tablespoon chutney or ketchup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 medium-sized long cucumber, 2 tomatoes, 1 lettuce.

Combine the lamb, white sauce, chutney and vinegar, and season to taste. Peel the cucumber, score with a fork, and slice. Form 4 cups with lettuce leaves, fill with the lamb mixture and sprinkle with parsley. Arrange the lettuce cups of minced lamb in the centre of a salad platter. Surround with overlapping slices of cucumber and garnish with tomato wedges. Diced cooked potato (if obtainable) is delicious mixed with the lamb.

HONEY CREAM

One and a half tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons honey, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon orange rind.

Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Heat with the remainder of the milk, the honey, and the orange rind, and stirring constantly bring to the boil. Simmer for 3 minutes. Beat in the egg-yolk, cool slightly, and add the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Pour into a mould to set.

RHUBARB SUMMER BETTY

Half cup rhubarb syrup, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1½ cups diced rhubarb, lightly cooked, 1½ cups small bread cubes, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped nuts.

Boil the rhubarb syrup, honey, lemon juice, and rind for 2 minutes and pour over the cubed bread. Add the diced rhubarb and place in a greased oven dish. Beat the egg-yolks and stir in to them the milk. A little sugar may be added if liked. Pour the egg-yolks and milk over the egg and rhubarb mixture, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 30 minutes. Beat the egg-whites until stiff, whip in the sugar. Pile on the Betty, sprinkle with nuts, and brown in a very slow oven. Cut into squares and serve cold.

CHILLED pineapple pies with just a hint of cheese in the pastry round off this salad menu with satisfaction.

ALL-COLD dinners, no matter how high the temperature, seldom satisfy the family appetite, and yet the all-hot dinner at this time of the year is wilting.

I suggest you go in for salads and cold sweets with light, hot entrees for the summer.

Such planning is good strategy for the kitchen-front worker and sound dietetics for the table.

Here are the main recipes for dishes given in the suggested menus:

SAVORY PINEAPPLE LOAF

Two cups finely-chopped cooked lamb, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk or stock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 4 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon bacon fat.

Saute the pineapple slices until lightly browned in the bacon fat, and arrange in the bottom of a loaf tin or round cake tin with the bacon fat. Combine the lamb, bacon, breadcrumbs, beaten egg, milk, parsley, and pepper and salt to taste. Place this mixture on the pineapple slices and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Turn out on to a hot dish with pineapple on top. Serve hot with vegetable greens.

CUCUMBER AND RADISH SCALLOPS

One medium-sized cucumber, 12 long radishes, 1 cup white sauce, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon salt crumbs, 1 teaspoon butter.

Peel the cucumber, slice, and cook with the sliced radishes in a small quantity of water in a lidded pan until tender. Drain, combine with the hot white sauce beaten egg, 1 tablespoon cheese, and pepper and salt to taste. Pour into 4 individual oven dishes or one dish, sprinkle with remaining cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with butter and bake in a fairly hot oven until lightly browned.

PRESSED VEAL

One and a half pounds veal (chuck, breast, or neck), 1 lb. fat, fresh pork (side, back, or shoulder), 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 slices onion, small bouquet of herbs (parsley, thyme, mint).

Cover the meat, onion and herbs with boiling water, and simmer gently for about two hours. Remove meat from bones and mince finely. Return the meat to a pan and cover with stock. Cook, stirring constantly, until the stock is well reduced, but the meat is still very moist. Pack into a loaf tin and chill thoroughly. Unmould and serve in slices for salads or sandwiches.

CHILLED PINEAPPLE PIES

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3ozs. dripping, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon grated sharp cheese, cold water, 1½ cups diced pineapple, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon chopped mint (may be omitted).

Heat the water and sugar and stir in the cornflour, blended with a little cold water. Bring to the boil, simmer 3 minutes, stirring well. Add the pineapple and mint, mixing well. Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in the dripping. Add the cheese, lemon juice and rind. Mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll out and line patty tins, leaving sufficient rounds for lids. Fill the pastry cases with

the pineapple, cover with pastry, glaze with milk or sugar and water, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce the heat to moderate (or move the pies lower in the oven) and bake a further 10 minutes. Serve cold, dusted with sugar.

PUMPKIN PATTIES

One and a half cups cooked mashed pumpkin, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon ketchup, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, pepper and salt, flour, 3 or 4 rashers of bacon.

Cut the bacon into 2-inch lengths and fry until crisp; remove from pan and keep hot. Combine the pumpkin, crumbs, milk, sugar, and seasonings; shape into patties and flour well. Brown the patties in the bacon fat and serve piping hot with crisp bacon curls.

APPLE AND CABBAGE RELISH

Two cups cooked apple pulp, fairly dry, 2 cups finely-shredded raw cabbage, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup grated horseradish (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups vinegar.

Combine the sugar, salt, pepper and vinegar, and boil for 5 minutes. Pour over the cabbage and apple, mix well, cook for 5 minutes, and then turn into clean hot jars and seal. Use with cold meats and salads.

CABBAGE RELISH SALAD WITH COLD BEEF

Two cups crisp, finely-shredded raw cabbage, 1 cup diced cucumber, 1 cup sliced or minced radish, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, good dash of pepper, 1 cup whipped cream, sliced cold beef for four serves.

Combine the cabbage, cucumber, radish, onion, seasonings and vinegar and chill for about an hour. Just before serving fold in the whipped cream. Serve with cold roast beef.

TOMATO GRIDDLECAKES

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper.

Blanch the tomatoes with boiling water, skin and cook until soft. Cool and combine with remaining ingredients, mixing well. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle or heavy frying pan, turning to brown on both sides. Serve at once.

RHUBARB FLIP

Three-quarter cup chilled rhubarb juice, sweetened, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey or sugar, dash of nutmeg, about 1 pint ginger ale or soda water, dash of nutmeg.

Stir the rhubarb into the well-beaten egg-yolks, fold in the egg-whites, beaten until stiff with the honey or sugar. Pour into 4 glasses and fill with chilled ginger ale or soda water.

Prize recipes you'll want to try

DO you like savory dishes? Then you will appreciate the delectable stuffed bacon rolls which win the first prize this week.

The recipes for apricot savory salad and cucumber jelly should also prove firm favorites these summer days.

Most kiddies adore desserts, and there are some melt-in-your-mouth new sweets among these prizewinners.

STUFFED BACON ROLLS

Eight rashers bacon, 1 teaspoon chopped sage, 1 lb. apples, 4 sausages, 1 tablespoon minced onion, bacon fat.

Skin sausages, mix meat with sage and onion, remove rind from bacon, and spread each rasher with mixture.

Roll up and fasten with skewers. Put in baking dish and bake 25 minutes. Meanwhile peel and core apples, cut in rings, and fry in bacon fat until tender. Place rolls on hot dish, surrounded by apple rings, and serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. E. Becke, 264 Moore Park Road, Paddington, N.S.W.

VEGETABLE COCKTAIL

One teaspoon chopped apple, 1 teaspoon cooked green peas, 1 tablespoon fruit juice, 1 oz. chopped cheese, 1 teaspoon thick salad dressing, lettuce, parsley.

Mix apple, peas and cheese. Stir fruit juice into salad dressing. Arrange lettuce leaves on two small dishes. Divide apple mixture between them. Pour over dressing and garnish with chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Robinson, 49 Union St., Northcote N16, Vic.

ICE-CHEST PIE CRUST

(No Cooking)

One and a half cups of cracker or cereal crumbs (cornflakes), 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 cup soft butter.

Mix all thoroughly together; pat out into a pie plate or dish and chill in the ice-chest 2 or 3 hours. The flans can then be filled with any pie filling desired, fruit puree, stewed fruit, the juice of which has been thickened with cornflour. Any jellied filling is good.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond E1, Vic.

● If you have a recipe that is a special favorite with your family and friends, write it out and enter it for our weekly competition. You may be one of the lucky prizewinners.

SCOTCH MACAROONS

One cupful sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cupfuls rolled oats, 2 teaspoonfuls vanilla, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Beat eggs, add sugar, continue beating until light and fluffy. Sift baking powder over oats. Add to first mixture and mix well. Add melted butter and vanilla. Drop in teaspoons on greased slide two inches apart. Bake for 15 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Joan M. A. Cantwell, Ringinwarri, via Welshpool, Vic.

SPICED CHERRIES

Wash and stone 1½ lbs. cherries. Put into an enameled lined saucepan 1 pint white vinegar, add 1 cup sugar, tie in a muslin bag 10 peppercorns, a blade mace, 3 cloves, and simmer gently 5 minutes. Add cherries and cook gently until they are soft. With a draining spoon lift the cherries into clean, dry jars. Bring syrup once more to boiling point, remove bag of spices and pour hot syrup over the fruit. When cold, seal and store in a cool, dry place. Serve with roast meats or salads.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Sadie Sheridan, 51 Dunbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

HONEY BUTTERSCOTCH

Two tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon butter, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, slices of apple, cherries, or nuts, 4oz. self-raising flour.

Place tablespoon of butter and 2 tablespoons honey into bottom of cake tin. Melt butter. Mix with honey. Peel and core apples. Cut into quarters. Place rounded side down in honey mixture. Arrange cherries or nuts between. Cream together butter, honey, and sugar. Add egg, well beaten. Mix well. Beat in milk. Fold in well-sifted self-raising flour. Place on top of apple mixture. Cook in a moderately hot oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot, with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Lawson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Six ounces shortcrust.

Filling: 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 3 eggs, 3 bananas, vanilla, 3 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Line a 9in. tart plate with pastry and bake until nicely browned. Cool. Separate yolks. Mix sugar and flour together in saucepan, add milk, stirring until thickened. Beat yolks and add to mixture until thick, stirring all the time. Do not allow to boil. Cool. Add vanilla. Peel bananas and slice half bananas into cold pastry shell. Cover with custard mixture, and slice remaining bananas on top. Beat whites until stiff, add gradually the sugar, and beat again until stiff. Pile on top of bananas and lightly brown meringue. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wilson, c/o 13 Kellett St., King's Cross, Sydney.

LEMON PASSIONFRUIT SPREAD

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 2 lemons, 2 passionfruit, 1 heaped tablespoon cornflour, 1 or 2 egg-yolks.

Pour the boiling water over butter and sugar, add lemons, juice and rind. Blend cornflour with a little cold water; add this to boiling mixture, and let simmer for 10 minutes, then cool, and add egg-yolks and passionfruit.

This makes quite a large jar, and is very nice spread on bread and butter; or as a filling for little tarts or one large pie. If used for a pie bake the pastry case, add the lemon mixture, and use the white of eggs for meringue.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. J. Keogh, 12 Crane St., Concord, N.S.W.

CUCUMBER JELLY

Two cucumbers, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 slice onion, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, green vegetable coloring as required.

Place gelatine in a saucepan. Add 1 cup cold water. Stand until gelatine has softened. Add vinegar, salt, peppercorns, and onion. Peel and grate cucumbers into pan. Place over slow heat, stirring until gelatine has dissolved, then strain into a jug. Color with a little green vegetable coloring. Pour into a square mould. Leave till set and chilled, cut into cubes. Serve with cold salmon and mayonnaise.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Meehan, Roseleigh, Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N3, Vic.

APRICOT SAVORY SALAD

Fresh apricots, powdered ginger, chopped peanuts, mayonnaise, lettuce wedges, celery curls, grated carrot.

Chill apricots, halve and remove stones. Dip in mayonnaise and toss in chopped peanuts and dust lightly with powdered ginger. Choose a firm, close-leaved lettuce and cut in wedges. Pile grated carrot in the centre of a salad dish. Arrange lettuce wedges radiating from the grated carrot.

Arrange nutty apricots and celery between lettuce wedges. Serve cold and freshly made. Delicious for hot summer days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Peggy Dunlop, Room 2, Ground Floor, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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